

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

## AN INVITATION IN TRIOLETS.

## I.

Will you walk in the town  
 Since the day is so fair?  
 See the sun shining down!  
 Will you walk in the town?  
 Don your lavender gown  
 And we'll both take the air.  
 Will you walk in the town  
 Since the day is so fair?

## II.

Just over the way  
 The shops are entrancing;  
 I saw them to-day  
 Just over the way.  
 They've ribbons so gay,  
 And sandals for dancing—  
 Just over the way  
 The shops are entrancing!

## III.

An ivory fan  
 My lady must choose;  
 We'll buy, if we can,  
 An ivory fan,  
 Brought from distant Japan;  
 And some fine buckled shoes.  
 An ivory fan  
 My lady *must* choose.

## IV.

A hood of brocade,  
 And a silken pelisse  
 In a delicate shade—  
 A hood of brocade  
 That is daintly made,  
 And lined with cerise;  
 A hood of brocade  
 And a silken pelisse.

## V.

Will you walk in the town  
 Since the day is so fair?  
 See the sun shining down!  
 Will you walk in the town?  
 Don your lavender gown  
 And we'll both take the air.  
 Will you walk in the town  
 Since the day is so fair?

*Helen Taylor.*

The Pall Mall Magazine.

## THE OPEN ROAD.

Out past the bars of Square and Place,  
 And streets where tollers bear their  
 load,  
 Past all the hurrying populace  
 There runs the Open Road.

How white its ribbon measures out  
 The sun-baked acres round the town!  
 How hoarse the People's empty shout  
 Behind us travels down!

They fret, but we, with scrip and staff,  
 Take pilgrims' way some dusty eve.  
 Behind the People snatch and laugh  
 Over the toys we leave.

Beyond us lies the heathy hill,  
 Lone valleys where the brown  
 streams meet,  
 The low-roofed cot, the turning mill,  
 The waving plains of wheat.

Before us still the wide skies arch.  
 The primrose West with rose is  
 strewn,  
 And shadowy cloud battalions march  
 Across its solitude.

The wild-flower clusters brighter twine,  
 The wild birds' note more clearly  
 rings,  
 And from the shade of beech and pine  
 Look forth the forest things.

But far behind, through dusty days  
 The People fret against their bars,  
 And set no foot in open ways,  
 Nor eye the evening stars.

And some have paused by purple slope  
 To hear the echo of their sighs,  
 Turned back to bring the People hope,  
 And tolled to make them wise.

For air and the blue heav'n are free  
 (Say they), and peace is not for few,  
 And these must share, as well as we,  
 The stars and morning dew.

These must come forth with pilgrim  
 song,

With light-weighted scrip and  
 strength'ning rod,  
 For unto all the roads belong,  
 And the straight paths of God.

*Maud Goldring.*

The Spectator.

## WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE.\*

It is quite true that, as Mrs. Frederic Harrison tells us, the modern Women's Rights movement—*Le Féminisme*, as the French call it—is of recent growth, and is to some extent “a hybrid culture from seed sown by the French Revolution, when the doctrine of ‘Rights’ rode rampant over mankind.”<sup>1</sup> Yet in one sense the principles which lie at the very base of the movement have been discussed since very distant times. Indeed twenty-three centuries ago feminism made its appearance in Athens, but from the days when Aristophanes rallied against the pretensions of women up till the middle of the nineteenth century the cause made practically no progress. The present movement for the political emancipation of women has no real parallel in history, and there seems to be nothing by which we can judge, speculate, or make comparisons with regard to it. Previous agitations, such as took place in Rome when it was proposed to abrogate the Oppian law; the siege of the House of Lords in which Mrs. Delany shared; or the march of the women on Versailles, were not symptomatic, were not part of a great tide swinging towards a far-off shore. They were but sporadic agitations, whilst we are told that a women's procession to-day is of far greater significance as the expression of a growing sentiment of solidarity of sex common to all nations.

When we consider the advance of feminism during the last forty years we must in all fairness contrast it with those twenty-three centuries of stagnation in which philosophers discussed

and statesmen ignored a question which affects the welfare of the whole race. The Greeks, to whom we naturally refer when we want to know what has been thought on world-questions, treated the matter very seriously.

Socrates, who believed in the moral equality of men and women, learned his celebrated method from his mother. He, as well as Cleanthes and Musonius, the Stoics, was in favor of equal chances of development being given to the sexes and of co-education. Plato maintained the principle of equality, and thought that public duties should be common to both men and women. Cicero and Seneca were the Roman counterparts of those Greeks, but amongst modern philosophers, from whom perhaps might have been expected greater faith in woman, we find that for the most part they have, with the exception of Hegel, been against her incursion into public affairs.

Proudhon, for instance, was of opinion that women cannot synthesise, are antimetaphysical, aristocratic, unjust, and lovers of privilege. Schopenhauer saw arrested development in every female mind; he considered that women remained children all their lives, or at best never passed the wisdom of eighteen. Rousseau thought woman was made merely for man's pleasure. Comte differed from the promoters of women's rights, not because he discounted women in the social organism, but because he idealized them and specialized for them. In society he distinguished three powers, the material, the intellectual, the moral. The last he thought should be the especial prerogative of women, whom he desired to see transfigured into priestesses of humanity.

It might have been thought that the Great Revolution would have made it

\*1. “The Subjection of Women.” By John Stuart Mill. London: Longmans, 1869.

2. “The Nineteenth Century,” June 1889. “An Appeal against Female Suffrage.”

3. “The Freedom of Women.” By Ethel B. Harrison (Mrs. Frederic Harrison). London: Watts & Co., 1908.

1 The Freedom of Women.

possible for women to assert such rights as they believed themselves to possess, but except for Marie Olympe de Gouges with her "*Droits des Femmes*," the counterblast to the "*Droit des Hommes*," we find no widespread demand from women for recognition in the newly constituted State. A few voices were heard crying in the wilderness. Hippel, the friend and disciple of Kant, united with Condorcet in deploring a readjustment of society which had "forgotten half humanity." Condorcet's great speech in the National Assembly on the admission of women to political privileges converted many hearers, but it produced no practical results. He denounced the attitude of men as tyrannous, and challenged opponents to prove that the natural rights of women differ from those of men, or to show that they are incapable of exercising them. He thought it injustice to allege as reason for excluding women from political power that they have made no important discoveries in science, nor shown genius in art or letters, since we do not give political rights to men according to their genius. The French philosopher was right, for we must not commit the blunder of arguing the case for men on the basis of their mental grandeur, any more than we may argue the case for women on individual instances of distinction. History teaches us that there must be some other disqualification (since intellectual and physical inferiority disqualify no one) which "deprives a George Elliot of the vote that is granted to the dullest yokel." Behind this prejudice, Karl Pearson suggests, "there may lie some deep race experience and some more valid reason for male self-assertion than the historical origin of our institutions."

Subjection cannot be the sole cause of the mental unproductiveness of women. The apologists say it is but two generations since women began

to bestir themselves; that their inferiority in science and philosophy arises from want of originality; their want of originality is from want of knowledge to bring them to the point from which originality takes its start, which want of knowledge is from want of education; their inferiority in literature is owing to men having created a literature before women wrote, so that women became imitators of men as the Romans of the Greeks; their inferiority in the fine arts is because they have not pursued them professionally; they do not desire fame, nor will they toil for it, and this is "only the natural result of their circumstances," and "society has so ordered things." Throughout this array of reasons the philosopher will ask at every step why is it thus? What are the reasons of those reasons? Why did not women go to work sooner? Why did they not find their way to education and knowledge and originality? Why did they not assist men to codify laws and frame politics? Why did they let men create a literature and not be in at the creation? Why should society, which is male and female, have placed its one moiety more than its other equally capable moiety in circumstances unfavorable to lofty aims? Surely we cannot believe that the one cause of all these proximate causes is to be found in man's superior strength of body. As Condorcet said, the vote is not given to men because they have genius or physical strength; and so we must seek some other explanation of the phenomenon of voteless women.

It would be interesting to speculate on the answers to be given to these important and far-reaching questions. We cannot, however, on this occasion find time or space to discuss the origin and the causes of "the monstrous regiment" of men. We are in the midst of a vehement agitation aiming at the attainment of very definite objects, and



we wish to take a practical view of the situation as it stands. We therefore make no apology for limiting on this occasion our field of vision to the political demands made on behalf of women at the present day in England to the electoral franchise. There is no denying that, whatever view we may take as to the expediency of female suffrage, the cause of the political enfranchisement of women in this country has in the last few months entered upon a new phase. For many years past English philosophers and writers have discussed the relative merits and capacities of the two sexes for the performance of political duties, their equality or inequality before the law, their legal relations to the State and to each other. And as time has progressed the legal position of women has in many respects been improved; so that it is impossible any longer seriously to urge that any kind of substantial hardship or injustice is now inflicted by the law on the female sex. In the matter of political privilege—the right to vote for members of Parliament, the right to sit in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords—their sex debars them. The Sovereign indeed may be a woman, but with that exception the Constitution does not allow women to take a direct part in the work of National Government. Is it desirable that it should?

This very important question, though it has been the subject of much theoretical discussion, has never been seriously considered by the people. If, indeed, books, pamphlets, magazine articles and letters to newspapers amounted to a veritable and responsible popular discussion, it might be thought that the time was ripe for Parliament to take the matter in hand and finally determine it. But it has in truth been a paper discussion conducted for the most part on grounds purely theoretical by persons—often eminent persons—

who represented no one but themselves. The debate, such as it was, did not come home to the mass of the people, whom it struck as a somewhat fantastic and unreal controversy, out of which nothing practical would come. Men knew that it was not and could not be a controversial issue between men on one side and women on the other, and only smiled as they listened to the impassioned assertion of female rights against the alleged political tyranny of their own sex.

It was a man—the late John Stuart Mill—who first roused public attention in England to what he called “the subjection of women”; and it was a talented lady who at once in this Review<sup>2</sup> warmly repelled as mistaken and unreal the views enunciated by the philosopher of the actual relations between English men and women. Indeed, very often women, and—as in the case referred to—exceptionally gifted women, are found strenuously opposed to the political enfranchisement of their own sex—one clear sign amongst many of the gulf of dissimilarity existing between the present agitation for female suffrage and those agitations of former days which heralded successive extensions of the franchise to new classes of male voters. It is alleged by many women, with some appearance of truth, that the great majority of their sex do not desire to possess the parliamentary franchise, and scornfully repudiate the pretensions of the leaders of “the movement” to represent or speak on behalf of women in general. And this assertion may very well be true, even though a few thousand women have walked in an orderly crowd with banners through the streets of London to the Albert Hall, though a women’s demonstration in Hyde Park has been well attended, and though some of their more militant sisters have earned a glorious martyrdom by persisting in

<sup>2</sup> Article on “*Mill on the Subjection of Women*,” Vol. 120, *Edinburgh Review* 1869.

associating their claim of right with forcible resistance to the police and an utter contempt for the King's peace.

Long as the discussion has lasted, it has till quite recently been purely academic. The constituencies, feeling it to be unreal, took no interest in it whatever. True that it came before the House of Commons at intervals—on Wednesdays or Fridays. But debates and divisions on those days have in recent years been little regarded, either by Parliament itself or by the public. Members knew that their votes would make no difference, that nothing would come of the division, and they voted, or did not vote, with an easy conscience and no sense of responsibility. With the representatives, as with the electors, indifference, incredulity prevailed. Indeed, it is extremely doubtful whether any parliamentary election has ever yet turned on the attitude of a candidate towards woman franchise. No one can tell what the constituencies think, because no constituency has yet troubled itself about the matter.

The "demonstrations" of the last few months, the persistent rowdy interruption by women of public meetings, the discreditable scenes between "suffragists" and the police, the "political martyrdoms" that followed—whatever, separately or all together, these may be worth intrinsically—have undoubtedly brought the whole question into general and serious notice. And now the Prime Minister, laying aside what are believed to be his own convictions, has declared the readiness of his Government to accept female suffrage as an incident of the next Reform Bill! Not only so, Mr. Asquith's statement contained a caveat against the limited project of admitting to the franchise such women only as hold separate ratable property and are now included in the municipal register. What he has in contemplation must

necessarily approach very nearly to the adoption of adult franchise, independent of sex, as the future basis of our electoral system. When the Prime Minister of the day, at the head of an unprecedented majority in the House of Commons, declares his willingness to give effect to a policy involving consequences so momentous, the country can no longer afford to regard the subject with the indifference that heretofore the electorate has shown to it.

We need not comment on the extraordinary levity with which Mr. Asquith has allowed the country to be plunged into a controversy which may very possibly force every other political issue into the background. The Prime Minister might have declared against Female Suffrage. He might have said with truth that whatever might be the merits of the controversy his Ministry could not at the present time undertake to deal with it. He took a third course, attempting to shift his own responsibility on to the shoulders of the House of Commons. And thus almost without notice the country finds itself in sight of a Reform Bill for which it had not asked of the most momentous importance. The Suffragists naturally rejoice at their success. But the result of their action, combined with that of Mr. Asquith, brings the cause of female suffrage to a new and very difficult stage. The words "woman franchise" will soon have to be translated into the language proper to an Act of Parliament, in order that all the world may know exactly what is proposed to be done. Vague declarations about the status of women being below that of felons and idiots, and similar clap-trap, have had their day. It is not surely intended to enfranchise *every* woman because she is woman. The practical question therefore arises—What women is it intended to enfranchise? And women will have to do as men have had to do—*i. e.* sat-

isfy the State as to the reasons, in forming the electorate, for selecting some and rejecting others. Property qualification, age, status, residence, and so forth will all come under review. And inasmuch as men and women are, after all, not the same, different qualifying conditions, having regard to the facts, may on each of these points possibly recommend themselves to the wisdom of Parliament.

It is surely not yet forgotten how the policy of Home Rule, founded on the union of hearts, with all the driving power behind it of Mr. Gladstone's magnificent enthusiasm, collapsed utterly when necessity compelled the translation of vague aspirations into the language of an Act of Parliament. The Home Rule policy was killed by the Home Rule Bills, as it could have been killed by nothing else. A time has now been reached when the demands of the Suffragists will have to take an authoritative shape. Then the question which will be most considered will not be one of so-called rights, but of national expediency. What effect will the enfranchisement of women have on the constituencies and on the House of Commons? Will the proposed changes bring gain or loss to the State?

Every widening of the electoral franchise by previous Reform Bills has been advocated on the double ground, first, that the extension of the electorate would give voice and influence to hitherto unrepresented classes and interests, and would so render the House of Commons a truer picture of the nation; secondly, that it would give increased strength to Parliament and our institutions generally by resting the whole system on a wider basis. A House of Commons to-day elected on the narrow franchise of forty years ago would clearly misrepresent the political feeling of the nation; and the authority of Parliament would be weak indeed when weighed against the forces

of outside public opinion. Can any one contend that the enfranchisement of women to-day would strengthen the authority of Parliament, or give voice to classes and interests that are now dumb? A far larger number of voters would be added to the register at one swoop than were ever created by the most democratic of Reform Acts. There would indeed be no reason to dread the deliberate hostility of the new-comers to the institutions and welfare of the State. In the once famous language of Mr. Gladstone, the newly enfranchised would not be an invading army: "they are our own flesh and blood." But, after all is said and done, they are "our own flesh and blood" with a difference! And even if the change consisted merely in adding to the register some millions of voters of *exactly* the same quality as those already enfranchised, it is by no means clear that electorate or elected would benefit thereby. The expenses and complications of elections would be greatly increased. A redistribution of seats, already required, would become at once essential. Unless numbers *mean* something in the way of added knowledge or added strength, there is little reason why we should desire to increase them.

The success in the working of the British Constitution has been due less to excellence of theory than to the recognition it has given to facts. As new elements of power arose they sooner or later obtained legitimate methods of exercising it. As old institutions came to be regarded with diminished respect and the changed conditions weakened their authority, it gradually became unconstitutional that they should exercise it. We are by no means inclined to take any *a priori* objection under all circumstances and at all times to the electoral enfranchisement of women. But we do maintain that now and in England (such are the

conditions of our civilization), the putting on to the register of some four or five million women, and the probable consequential admission of women to sit in the House of Commons, in the House of Lords, and in the Cabinet, would be highly injurious to the working of our parliamentary system and to the credit and power of the National Government.

The question in the constituencies will no doubt be regarded in the light of facts. Men, and women too, will trust to their own observation and experience when they hear of the state of slavery under which, it is said, that the latter half of English humanity is groaning. Herbert Spencer, after reading Mill's book, remarked that it was necessary to bear in mind custom and general usage, not less than the law, if we would form a sound judgment on the status of women; and he even suggested that a clever writer would hardly want materials if he should take a fancy to publish an essay on "the subjection of men"! Now in England it is due far more to custom, and to the wishes of women themselves, than to law, that the public or non-domestic part of life is performed by the male sex. Most trades, businesses and professions are, so far as law goes, open to women as to men. Readers of our ancient law books are aware that by the common law women were capable of filling the old English offices of high sheriff of the county, of churchwarden, of overseer of the poor, perhaps even of parish constable. We are not aware that any law restrains His Majesty from accrediting a lady to a foreign Court as his ambassador and plenipotentiary; or that if another Joan of Arc (that heroine of twentieth-century female processions) arose amongst us, it would be impossible for the Sovereign to grant her a commission in the Army. We would certainly go far in removing legal disabilities to

entrance on careers. A large part of the parish work of the clergy is done by lady district visitors; why should a lady be incapable by law of becoming a curate, a rector, an archbishop? No one would surely contend that in the region of religion or morals women in general do not occupy at least as high a plane as men. If they can qualify as saints, they surely may do so as clergymen. It was right, in our opinion, to enable women to practise as doctors. It is not easy to justify their exclusion from the Bar. That they will never form more than a very small percentage of doctors or barristers is probable enough, and is in accordance with the fitness of things as determined by the habits and idiosyncrasies of women themselves. It is not the law that prevents women from becoming sailors, or miners, or builders, or carpenters. As agricultural laborers, in some by no means backward parts of the kingdom, they are largely employed; but this is local custom rather than general, and the extension of the system of women doing field labor is hardly to be desired.

There is no reason except her own disinclination, or unfitness, or preference for other work in life, that prevents a woman from becoming a banker, a merchant, a railway or other director, or farmer; indeed, as to the last, a good many individual women do farm land, but they form an extraordinarily small percentage of the farming class. There are, of course, a very large number of women who support themselves by manual labor, or work in the textile factories; more than one and a half millions are in domestic service; nearly three-quarters of a million are employed in dressmaking and tailoring; some six hundred thousand in the factories. To the bulk of these classes, except to some extent amongst factory operatives, it is really absurd to attribute any desire to be acquainted

with, or take a part in, the political business of the country. They probably feel that it is the duty of husbands and brothers to bear such burdens on their own shoulders, and do not trouble themselves with subjects so uncongenial. Perhaps they are right. At all events, it seems in the highest degree unwise to make responsible for the public welfare and government of the State those who are not in ordinary civil life put forward to occupy responsible public positions. The advocates of woman suffrage are beginning at the wrong end, and persist in claiming that women should have by law a position of privilege and influence in political life which apparently they do not aspire to in other occupations. We hear nothing of their desire to share the duties at present thrown entirely upon men, as, for instance, by serving on juries. Yet the franchise itself is but a part of the policy of political equality between men and women. Membership of the two Houses of Parliament, the Judicial Bench, the magistracy, the serving on juries all stand on the same principle. It is the utilitarian aspect of the question that appeals most strongly to a practical people like the English. Would the nation be better off or worse off than it now is with female legislators in Parliament, female judges and magistrates on the Bench, and female jurymen in the jury-box? He would be a bold man who would affirm that national government, law, and justice must gain by the change.

The House of Commons can ill afford in the present day to make any changes that will tend to lower its prestige. The qualities in which vast numbers of the existing electorate are lacking are self-respect and a sense of responsibility. Now that almost every man has a vote, the privilege is far less valued than formerly, and a large portion of the electorate in every constitu-

ency pays but little regard to the merits of political issues. It is due to this large amount of political indifference amongst electors that party drum-beating, wirepulling, manipulation, inducements of all sorts are had recourse to by candidates, smart political agents, trade associations, and individuals who have special personal reasons for mixing in the electoral fray. It is greatly to be feared that a female electorate will show a much larger percentage of political indifference than the present one, and therefore a larger percentage of voters to whom considerations other than political will mainly appeal. It is found that in municipal elections the women voters take little trouble to come to the poll. In parliamentary contests they will not be allowed to abstain. The party managers will see to that. But the deadness of the electorate to real political issues will tell heavily on the character of the House of Commons.

It is alleged with truth that women do now, as a matter of fact, take a much more active and direct part than formerly in the political contentions of the nation. Still, comparatively, these women are very few, and they are mostly those who stand apart from ordinary woman's life and work. There are some women who delight in the excitement of a contested election, it is true, and who enjoy few things more than themselves speaking on the public platform. There is to men's minds still some novelty about this, and such speaking therefore draws. In party organizations (the Primrose League is the most conspicuous instance) women are zealous and prominent; and there are associations and leagues on the other side of politics which in a more or less halting manner imitate the by no means exalted methods of the Primrose League. Can any one conversant with active politics a quarter of a century ago, and to-day, really believe that



the Primrose League and its imitators have conducted to a higher tone in electioneering and in public life? On the contrary these bodies appear to rely largely in political warfare upon just those weaknesses and vulgarities of men which the better sort of electors have always despised. High social position and wealth will inevitably count for much with an English democracy; but surely we might have been spared the shameless adulation of rank and money which is the conspicuous mark of those politico-social organizations of our day in which women bear so conspicuous a part. Women may do much to maintain and to raise the moral level of political life. But they will have to rely on the power that naturally belongs to them as individual women of affecting the moral standards of men. In that good work they will effect less than nothing by entering into the business of local wirepulling, or by getting up street processions and monster demonstrations in Hyde Park.

In fixing attention upon the letter of the law, on the precise prescriptions of our Constitution, do not let us leave facts entirely out of account. This was the fundamental error, in our opinion, upon which John Stuart Mill's pleading for Woman's Rights was founded. In England, even in 1869, women were not slaves, and they knew it, and men knew it too. Whatever the law might say, the fact of the matter was otherwise. It is a long time since the famous election for Bassetshire. Then as now, by the sacred principles of our constitution (as Trollope told us), British subjects of two kinds were entirely prohibited from taking part in the election of a knight of the shire, viz. Peers and Women. Yet every man, woman, and child in West Basset knew perfectly well that, in fact, the real contest lay between Miss Dunstable and the Duke of Om-

nium.<sup>2</sup> In law it would seem that the political status of the determined and nearly victorious lady was lower than that of a felon or an idiot!

John Stuart Mill's great object was, it must be remembered, not merely to claim the electoral franchise for women, but to *emancipate* the sex wholly from the absolute tyranny to which, in his belief, both law and custom condemned it. That marriage should impose the duty of obedience on the wife was specially abhorrent to the philosophical upholder of liberty.

"Women complain," he says, "but their complaints are like those which men make of the general unsatisfactoriness of human life; they are not meant to imply blame, or to plead for any change. But though women do not complain of the power of husbands, each complains of her own husband, or of the husbands of her friends. It is the same in all other cases of servitude; at the least in the commencement of the emancipatory movement. The serfs did not at first complain of the power of their lords, but only of their tyranny. The Commons began by claiming a few municipal privileges; they next asked an exemption for themselves from being taxed without their own consent; but they would at that time have thought it a great presumption to claim any share in the king's sovereign authority. The case of women is now the only case in which to rebel against established rules is still looked upon with the same eyes as was formerly a subject's claim to the right of rebelling against his king. A woman who joins in any movement which her husband disapproves, makes herself a martyr, without even being able to be an apostle, for the husband can legally put a stop to her apostleship. Women cannot be expected to devote themselves to the emancipation of women, until men in considerable number are prepared to join with them in the undertaking."<sup>4</sup>

This was written forty years ago. The law in various particulars has been

<sup>2</sup> Framley Parsonage.

<sup>4</sup> The subjection of Women.



improved. A Parliament of men, elected by men, has from time to time effected various changes in the law where it seemed harsh or unjust towards women. But no such revolution as was longed for by the great philosopher has yet taken place, or seems probable. Lawyers know, but probably the majority of women are hardly aware, how fully these harshnesses and injustices have been removed by the "man-made laws" of the last quarter of a century. Mrs. Frederic Harrison is fully justified in declaring that as regards property "the law as it stands at present is generous, and even protective, to married women." If there is any inequality left under the legal provisions protecting the property of married people, it is no longer the wife who can complain.

Since the day when Mill moved to substitute the word "person" for "man" in the Reform Bill of 1867, the question of Woman Franchise has been discussed some twenty-three times in the House of Commons. On three occasions have Bills with this object been read a second time; and many statesmen, both Liberal and Conservative, have signified their academic approval of the projected change. Only last February a Bill for the enfranchisement of women passed its second reading.

Mill's book acted as a trumpet-call to those, whether men or women, who believed in establishing the absolute equality for all purposes of the two sexes. And were Mill amongst us to-day he could not but rejoice at what has been accomplished. Women have obtained, where ratepayers, the municipal vote; they sit on town and county councils; they serve on School Boards, on Boards of Guardians; they act as Poor Law inspectors and as factory inspectors; they are appointed members of Royal Commissions. The Married Women's Property Acts and other

statutes have placed in the hands of women complete civil remedies against all persons, including their husbands, for injuries done to their property. Naturally, usage has always worked much more powerfully than law in protecting women from injustice. It does so still. "*Les lois sont toujours en retard sur les mœurs*," said Montesquieu long ago; and the law of England has lagged behind the habits and customs of the people who live under it.

Yet it would be a great mistake to imagine that even in the matter of local government Mill's principle of the political equality of the sexes has been frankly accepted by Parliament and the nation. Nationally and locally women constitute a majority of the population. It is only in those exceptional cases where women find themselves in the position of privilege usually reserved for men—the legal position of ratepayers—that they obtain the vote. As compared with men, a very small number come on to the register for the purpose of local elections, though women form everywhere the majority of "persons." This shows, if we pay any regard to facts, that though in form a certain disability of privilege has been withdrawn from women, in substance no sort of equality has yet been established between the sexes even in matters of local government. Widows and independent spinsters constitute happily but a fraction of womanhood. On any theory of the real equality of the sexes, if that is what is aimed at, the female municipal franchise is little better than a mockery! In the ordinary household, the male head of the house is regarded by the law as the ratepayer. In fact, the rates are paid out of the money which supports the household. The burden of high rates falls quite as heavily on the female head of the house as on her husband; and she suffers from them probably quite as acutely as

that interesting protégée of the law, her independent spinster sister. A reform of the law which would deny to wives the position of "persons" under the Franchise Acts would be positively grotesque. Mill's position was that men and women are, in every respect of which the law can take notice, equal; that the law ought therefore to give to these persons equal rights and equal privileges, as regards each other, as regards property, and as regards the State. The whole position of Mill would be undermined if the legal fiction that man and wife are one, or the custom of treating the husband as solely responsible for the rates, was allowed to prevail. As a stepping-stone towards equalizing the privileges of the sexes, it may be good policy on the part of "female suffragists" to accept the enfranchisement of spinsters and widows only. As a measure of enfranchisement for womanhood—for putting women and men on the same footing—it is to the last degree absurd!

Do people ever ask themselves what were the meaning and intention of those laws which have prescribed at different times the qualifications entitling men to the national franchise? The right of men to elect a member of Parliament is not now, and never was, based on the principle that "taxation and representation go together," a principle indeed of the greatest importance where it is really applicable. Every one in the United Kingdom—man, woman, and child—pays *indirect* taxes. A very small proportion of our present electorate pays *direct* taxes. So whatever meaning is given to the word "taxation," the famous principle cannot be the foundation of our existing system; for its application, according to one interpretation, would give us universal suffrage, according to the other it would disfranchise the vast majority of the existing electorate! Parliament has proceeded in quite another fashion,

and instead of laying down abstract doctrines about rights, has from time to time established qualifications for the purpose of ensuring that those who exercised the franchise should be in its opinion fit for it as responsible members of the community. A certain amount of independence, a certain amount of education, a certain responsibility of position have been supposed to attach to the qualifications from time to time prescribed. This explains the continual lowering of the rental or rating franchise, as the whole standard of life throughout the community rose. The 50*l.* house, or the 10*l.* house, or any rated house, or the 10*l.* lodging, or the service franchise, were qualifications indicating the views of Parliament and the nation at the time as to the competence of the classes enjoying them to make good use of the privileges and powers which the State was bestowing. Englishmen will certainly regard in the same practical fashion the claim made for the admission of women to the franchise. The talk about rights, taxation, tyranny, and all the rest of it, counts for little with sensible people. Will the particular proposals do good or do harm to the State? That is the practical question that Englishmen have to ask themselves.

If it is thought to be desirable to enfranchise women at all (unless indeed it is determined to adopt universal suffrage), Parliament will have to select the classes of women whom it thinks likely to be best qualified by experience of the world, education, and sense of responsibility to exercise a privilege of such vast importance to the nation. Upon what principle ought Parliament to proceed? To us it seems that the conditions and qualifications requisite for men are not suited for mere extension to women. Consider even the condition as to age. Adult manhood suffrage might work fairly well in England, though it would probably be an

improvement to defer for political purposes till twenty-five the attaining to "years of discretion." It would be nothing less than farcical to put on the electoral register unmarried girls who had reached the age of twenty-one. It is marriage (according to some people a disqualification for the vote) which makes the woman take up or at least share those household responsibilities which in the man's case form at present the basis of the general qualification for the franchise. Whilst women remain unmarried it is simply impossible for many of them, till they have long passed the legal age of infancy, to have acquired any kind of experience of the world. If ever we advance to universal suffrage, there would be much to be said for requiring that unmarried women claiming the vote should have attained the age of (say) thirty-five years.

Who are the people to be enfranchised is the very first question that Parliament will ask. If it is to be mere extension to women of the existing property qualifications for men, it will be desirable to ascertain something about the unmarried women who have houses of their own, occupy 10l. lodgings, or enjoy the use of their dwellings as part of the terms of their service. Parliament ought not to proceed in the dark in a matter of such vast importance. The Prime Minister has lately been attacked from both sides for the position he has taken up. Yet he is so far in the right in holding that if the franchise is to be given to women at all it should be something other than a mere increase of voting power bestowed on a select propertied class of the community. The question of the married woman's right to vote, and how she would exercise it, meets us at every turn. Would the wife vote with her husband? Some may think that, as Mill might put it, the slave would be protected against her

master, the serf against her lord, by the secrecy of the ballot. In the eye of the law, the supposition used to be made that the wife acts under the direction of her husband. "If the law supposes that," was the immortal reply of Mr. Bumble, "the law is a ass—a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law is a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience." Spinsterhood perhaps not less than bachelorhood, would be the better for a little experience. Whoever "directs," it can hardly be doubted that in England, except in the smallest possible percentage of cases, husband and wife will vote, ballot or no ballot, in the same direction, and the effect will be to double the voting power of the household—in fact very much the same effect as if to the older men were given a second vote beyond that enjoyed by their juniors.

We welcome at the present juncture Mrs. Frederic Harrison's very able and opportune little pamphlet. What do serious women, especially wives and mothers as the more experienced and responsible portion of womanhood, think and feel as to the proposal to make them electors? Mr. Gladstone once declared that he had never heard of an extension of the franchise being granted to a class of persons generally indifferent about it, and amongst whom a very considerable proportion stoutly disapproved their own enfranchisement.

The weighty protest of June 1889, published in the "Nineteenth Century," contained the names of a very considerable number of women of real eminence in many walks of life who at least believed that they expressed the thoughts and feelings of hundreds of thousands of their countrywomen.

"Nothing can be further from our minds," said these ladies, "than to seek to deprecate the position or the

importance of women. It is because we are keenly alive to the immense value of their special contribution to the community, that we oppose what seems to us likely to endanger that contribution. We are convinced that a mere outward equality with men is for women not only vain but demoralizing. It leads to a total misconception of woman's true dignity and special mission. It tends to personal struggle and rivalry, when the only effort of both the great divisions of the human family should be to contribute the characteristic labor and the best gifts of each to the common stock."

Mrs. Frederic Harrison, who signed the Women's Protest in the "Nineteenth Century" nineteen years ago, has now returned to the charge. She disposes in her first chapter of the three great fallacies—viz. that women are a separate class, that they are not at present citizens, that the interests of the sexes are antagonistic. In a later chapter she relies on the undeniable fact that for the most part the sexes are endowed in different measure with physical, moral, and mental characteristics. Still, "there are to be found women who are very like men, as there may be found men who are very like women. The good sense of mankind prefers the purity of type—the manly man, the womanly woman—for reasons which are not superficial, but lie deep down in our human nature." It may be the necessity of performing their domestic duties which has prevented women from rising to the highest eminence in lines of life as much open to them as to men.

In the moral and religious world—especially their own—women may claim originality. Elizabeth of Hungary, Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa, Joan of Arc made definite and very special contributions to the thought, action and discoveries of their age. . . . All the same, they cannot be compared with any of the great founders of religions.

And Mrs. Harrison rightly thinks it would be at least premature at present to assign the latter high rank to Mrs. Eddy of Christian Science, or Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army. It is proposed to grant the franchise to many millions of women. Thus it is with the normal woman, not with Joan of Arc, that the practical question is concerned. So with much force reasons Mrs. Harrison.

The lady leaders of the suffrage movement overrate to a degree which is almost ludicrous the importance of the recent "demonstrations" and street rows. The large gathering on Sunday, June 21, in Hyde Park passed a resolution calling upon the Government to state their intentions on the suffrage question. When this was forwarded to the Prime Minister he gave the very natural answer that he had nothing to add to the statement he had made a month before to a deputation of members of Parliament. Mrs. Pankhurst, on June 24, representing "The National Women's Social and Political Union," declared in a letter to the "Times" that "their reply shows that the Government intend to ignore the mandate which was delivered to them by the great Hyde Park demonstration." Assuredly these ladies take themselves very seriously! And if they are right in their theory of "the mandate," and that it only remains to the Prime Minister to hear and to obey, they surely might rest content with the authority they already wield (though voteless) in the government of the country.

It may well be that the public attention, especially the attention of women, now called to the subject by the agitation may tend to check the movement. There is strong reason for supposing that in the United States the cause of female suffrage has ceased to make way, and indeed it seems to be losing ground, mainly in consequence of the growing opposition of women

themselves.<sup>5</sup> There certainly does not appear to be the remotest prospect of such a change in the constitution of the United States as would enable women to take part in the choice of the National Executive at presidential elections; and this would be the true counterpart to the claim they are making in Great Britain to elect the Parliament. It is at least possible that here also the dislike of a very large part of the sex to the policy of the "female suffragists" may prove fatal to the movement; whilst the general disposition of men to take a practical view of the question of the addition of millions of women to the register—to consider how it would answer rather than whether it conforms to abstract right, democratic theories, or liberal principles—cannot but tend in the same direction.

In Europe the movement has not gone so far as in England and America. And the legislation of our Australasian colonies on this and several other important subjects can as yet be regarded as experimental only. On the Continent, should the movement for the enfranchisement of women become a serious one, discussion will turn fiercely on the greatly increased power that would accrue thereby to the Roman Catholic priesthood. This is a consideration of importance even in the United Kingdom. In Ireland there can be no doubt that the electoral influence of Rome, already far too great, would be magnified to such a degree as to become absolutely irresistible.

Possibly, as the discussion tends to

<sup>5</sup> See Mrs. Humphry Ward's letters to the *Times*."

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turn rather on what is practically desirable than on the assertion of equality of rights between the sexes, it may ultimately be thought desirable to provide some machinery for ascertaining directly the wishes of women on subjects in which they are specially interested, and have some special knowledge. We should be loth to declare our opposition to attempts of this kind; though at the present moment they would seem premature. The actual political situation is now well defined. We are face to face with a demand for the establishment of female franchise. It is energetically urged on principles which must sooner or later lead to the placing on the register of every woman over twenty-one years of age. In that case British electors in the future will be for the most part women. At the present time it would only be to play into the hands of "female suffragists" to seek for a half-way house. The "movement" has to be defeated; and it will greatly tend to that defeat if the majority of wives and mothers can succeed in making their wishes known, and their influence felt.

In times such as these it would be natural to look to our statesmen for guidance. What does the Prime Minister, what does Mr. Balfour really think on a political subject of such transcendent importance? The sheep may look up, but they are not fed. When the people have made up their minds, it will be for their leaders to follow. That is the way in which the responsibilities of statesmanship are understood in the first decade of the twentieth century!



## ITALIAN REALISM AND ART.

Does the idealist or the realist produce the greatest art?

Let us see what are the characteristics of the realist temperament, and at the same time determine what is the Englishman's attitude towards artistic expression in general.

There is a salient difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin which he who runs may read—the one type tends to the formation of character, the other is exclusively intellectual. I take the Italians to be not only the typical Latin nation, but the typical realists, and their mental characteristics are strictly dependent on their realism. We northerners are idealists: we are an interior people; in our spirit as in our country there are long twilights, and there is no abundance of pitiless, compelling sunlight. The things we see, when they are merely intellectual appreciations, are not very clear-cut, and we willingly draw a veil—such as nature draws for us—which leaves behind it mystery, something unfathomed and unexplained, something kindly illogical, reticent, obstinate, self-deluding. But the realist demands no mysteries which depend on not having looked behind the curtain, and his innate intellectual freedom makes it impossible for him to create the limitations which the idealist willingly imposes on himself. The Italian is the most unprejudiced man in Europe. We are not a quick-witted people, and we are not an open-minded people; serried ranks of pre-judgments prevent the hostile approach of a new idea: but the Italians are the one people—as has been pointed out by one of their compatriots—who carry with them no preventent judgments, who “cherish no idols.” A man of this race has no use for an idea but to see it as it is. He has no veil of preju-

dice ready to throw over its naked truth as it approaches him, no cloak of convention, no cherished illusion which must be saved at all costs on the principle of *tant pis pour les faits*, no mystical necessity for self-delusion which wards off the possibility of seeing a thing as it is in and for itself. Hence the Italian strips everything, denudes it, tears away its drapery, exposes it with wide-eyed unblinking gaze in the pitiless light of fact. There is nothing in his eyes which demands always and everywhere reverence or tender dealing. The special loveliness of the nature formed in the north, on the other hand, is the persuasion that there are things one is not to see, not to hear; and amongst us there is a prevalent idealism which draws a veil over the crudities of sense, and seeks to illustrate from within the half-truths they reveal.

The vivid hold which the Italians have on the real is, in its turn, a direct result of their temperament. They have been called “a vital people,” a people alive and alert on the side of the vital necessities—by which is by no means meant the materialistic—who tend to form a general æsthetical, as opposed to ethical, awareness. It is a temperament at once less coarse of fibre than the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon, less brutal, but more wanton.

A nation of realists is not aristocratic. All aristocracy involves some kind of hedging round of people and things, something taken for granted, placed beyond question; and the realist feels no need for that clothing and concealing of what we see with our eyes, which is characteristic of all aristocratic and idealist peoples. Here is a distinction which profoundly affects national domesticities. The crude simplicity of domestic life everywhere



in Italy, where the orderly of a cavalry officer will return along the streets of the capital carrying his superior's clean shirt in a red cotton handkerchief in one hand, and the pennyworth of milk for his breakfast in the other, contrasts strangely with our English life which the late Lady Acton found so "ponderous." The fact is that the Englishman finds it imperiously necessary to hide the working of the machinery, especially in his domestic life. The silver cream jug knows nothing of the existence of the cow, and we affect a supreme ignorance of the processes by which the finished result has been achieved. The Englishman, unlike the Italian, is not satisfied with a thing for itself—as he is not satisfied with life for its own sake; he wants to secure an illusion about it.

There is here, no doubt, a form of self-respect; the evidence of a moral reticence which is no quality of our Mediterranean neighbors. But at the other end of the scale this kind of reticence and idealism degenerates into quite another quality, and is responsible for our snobbishness. The ideal which makes life worth living to an Englishman may be paradise or mere lucre, and what is at one end of the scale a manifestation of the hero-worship which has such solid roots among Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, may become a heavy vulgar snobbishness, idealizing an unworthy object, at the other. The Italian is not a snob. One may see him making his best bow to a fine coat; but he sees the man underneath. He likes the fine coat, it is gay, fit, prosperous, suggestive, altogether delightful. It adds to the sum of nice things. Also he may profit by it. So he bows. But what may be taken for snobbishness in Italy is a result of the all-pervading realism, which implies a hyper-sensitiveness to external impressions. The snob of an Englishman magnifies the man beneath the

coat; he is blinded, as though he were in the presence of a being of another clay, and seems incapable of seeing him as he is.

But if the Italian is not aristocratic, he is imperialistic. Italian civilization is based on that Roman civilization which left nothing to the individual, which sacrificed the unit to the society, and made public decorum the note of all social action, public tradition everywhere outweigh the idiosyncrasies of personality. While social lore is more rigid in such a civilization, and there is a finer crop of conventions, with less independence of character, there is greater intellectual independence than among an individualistic people like ourselves. The dependence of mind which allows the average Britisher to await—even to be overawed by—the *dicta* of the *Times* newspaper, is unknown in France or Italy. It is, indeed, a strange fact that an individualistic people, while producing plenty of character and plenty of idiosyncrasy, repel intellectual freedom, and that this has more scope under the ægis of great and common social traditions. It has been noted that in art a great tradition is liberating, not cramping, and more intellectual freedom can probably be enjoyed under the pressure of the Catholic tradition than anywhere else in Christendom, outside, perhaps, the Society of Friends.

The pomp which is characteristic of all Imperial civilizations must not be laid at the door of the aristocratic temperament. There is always something *intime* and fastidious in the latter, the result of an inward exigence, self-covetous, self-reticent—a kind of *disciplina arcani* of the spirit—entirely unlike the public character of pomp and the cult of the *fastoso*. The true aristocratic sentiment is independent of the external; the outward fences and barriers which it creates—and which it always supposes present—correspond to inte-

rior fences and barriers, to mental outworks which can never be taken or shaken. It is of the essence of the aristocratic sentiment to continue to use the same name for the idea—which, like the king, never dies—but at the same time to care for the idea, not the name or the thing. During the troubles in France the visits in the Faubourg Saint-Germain took place under altered conditions, and the *equipage de Madame* was duly announced when her maid and a pair of goloshes awaited her downstairs. It is because the Italian depends on pomp, and not on this intimate sentiment, that his self-respect is less, and where the Frenchman and the Anglo-Saxon would be untouched by the hand of fortune, the Italian, his customary outside aids being no longer procurable, is easily degraded: he sinks with the ugly real.

Of the Englishman it may be said that he has not the kind of robustness necessary to live always with things as they are; to lend nothing to them from within, to dispense with the reticences. And it is well it should be so. The work which each people have to do depends as much on their limitations as on their qualities.

Every people claim the liberties which accord with their vital needs. It was the vital necessity for freedom of conscience, and not any enterprise in dogma, which brought about the Reformation. Indeed it may be said that the sense of moral responsibility is in inverse ratio to the enjoyment of intellectual freedom, and that the Italians enjoy greater liberty of spirit than the Englishman, but never achieve that liberty of conscience which is the breath of life to the Anglo-Saxon. The sense of responsibility so highly characteristic of the latter is no product of imperialistic civilizations. Indeed the vital temperament and social imperialism work together to create irresponsibility; the conscience of the

Italian people being still further determined by a well-defined self-interest proper to the vital temperament. The lack of reverence in their character is no doubt mainly the result of one of their marked intellectual qualities—the logical faculty. A quick apprehension of the relation of cause and effect, nothing else intervening, is as destructive of conventional reverences as it is a powerful constructive factor in grasping those principles which underlie the technique of the arts.

To sum up the results we have reached so far:—The Italian possesses independence of mind against the Anglo-Saxon independence of character; liberty of spirit against the Anglo-Saxon liberty of conscience; and in general—

The Vital Realist		The Phlegmatic Idealist
Intellectual	may be	Character-forming
Imperialistic	opposed to	Individualistic
Democratic		Aristocratic
Passionate		Sentimental.

A glance at these two columns will incline us to place art by the side of Idealism, sentiment, the interior qualities. Perhaps the best text for what I have to say is to be found in Matthew Arnold's observation that the imagination of the Celt, with its "passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact," has never succeeded in producing a masterpiece of art. The Englishman is not, however, so clear as to what is meant by an artistic people. What is meant is a people with those artistic perceptions without which no art can exist. It is the custom in England to think and judge as though art were a department of ethics; even the function of criticism, according to a very recent writer, is ethical. None but a people with no intellectual resting-place between metaphysics and conduct could maintain such an opinion. Art has

not arisen among the metaphysical peoples but among a race of psychologists; the realist peoples are the natural psychologists, and the Italian, like his Latin *confrère* in France, leaves metaphysics to the Scotchman and the Teuton.<sup>1</sup> It is from the ground occupied by psychology that art is reached, and we should suffer it to exist as a manifestation of the human spirit *sui generis*, teaching us in its own way, not by masquerading as something else.

The conditions of great art, then, involve a dualism such as is offered by psychology: idealism,<sup>2</sup> the poetic imagination, effusion of sentiment, or even that refinement of sentiment we call taste, do not form the moral material of art. If we think of painting in every branch, of poetry, architecture, music and singing; if we think of the decorative arts, chiselling, intaglio, engraving, bronze and majolica work, mosaic, and stucco relief; if we think of design, composition, execution in any of these, we shall admit at once that Italy has been *par excellence* the land of art in modern Europe. What the Italians possess are the artistic perceptions: that keen observation, that openness to all external impressions, that intuitive way of gauging and grouping the data of the senses, the appreciation of technique for its own sake—the balance and proportion implied in these things. It is an important truth that Italians learn from the outside, and that Northern peoples get from without only what they bring from within. But the uninterrupted

vision of reality which has relegated moral vision to the second place has bestowed on Europe not what is crude and naked and bare, but another mode of seeing, of feeling, of being—one of the great modes of human expression—art. The hand which stripped the veil from the objects of sense is also the hand which clothed them, returning them to us with the crudities gone, penetrated by a new vision—expressed for ever in higher terms. The ruthless gaze which saw so much, and suffered no illusion, saw also something which we did not see; and revealing to us what lay beyond our sight held up a mirror in which the real looks back at us as the ideal.

What Arnold said of the Irishman holds the clue to the truth—which the Greek had already taught us—that interpretation is not left only to the peoples whose vision is turned inwards; that when, for such, the external seems bared of all meaning, the realist may restore it to us with the new vision in it.

Crude realism, although it is the raw material, is not the temperament of art. The true realist, because he is an artist, has always seen the real transfiguring itself under his eyes, taking on new meanings. He never leaves us with the crude materials; his way of looking at these has transformed them as truly as the inward vision transforms. Only, to see with the artist's eye you must not refuse—as does the idealist—to see all there is to see. The artist is, like the mystic, a seer, but first a seer of real things. This is the lesson which the artist learns by all working in the technique of the arts. There is for him no strange aristocratic paralyzing persuasion that the touch—the shock—of the real profanes the ideal. This shrinking from the contact of the idea with its modes of expression—as though the idea were too delicate of fibre to face

<sup>1</sup> I have instanced the French sometimes as a Latin type, sometimes as a Northern. They are both. They present us with the realist and also with the aristocratic characters; and while their realism is tempered with certain graces of mind foreign to the Italian, the acute powers of observation and keen logic are not accompanied by a general level of the other moral and psychical qualities—ruthlessness, the passion to lay bare, poise, facility—which have produced art in Italy and which repel aristocratic intimacy and aristocratic illusion.

<sup>2</sup> The following argument is partly drawn from my study of the "Roman People," in Messrs. A. and C. Black's "Rome."

it—has brought about in us a certain contempt of expression, and bred in us the opinion that if you can give verbal expression to a thing you cannot really feel it.

Are there, in fact, thoughts too deep for words? The inquiry reminds one of the logic-paper question of one's university days: Is clear thought compatible with confused expression? And the answer is much the same in both cases. There are thoughts too deep for some people's command of language and for their skill in self-expression. We need only remind ourselves of French subtilty in giving clear, graceful, and adequate expression to intimate and hidden things, to perceive that it is not their hiddenness which deprives them of expression, just as the primitive artist's inadequate command of his medium would not have justified the belief that the beautiful must not only be hard, as Socrates has it, but mute. The truth of course is that ideas are reinforced by their expression, as thought is facilitated by language; that in no department can one afford to shun that contact with the real which, as I have said, becomes in its turn an instructor, a mirror of the ideal. If we think that the idea can stand alone, or set before us poorly furnished, it is not only art but the idea also which suffers. It suffers in force, in power, in a plastic quality—in that reaction of self-realization which makes it challenging, compelling. The idea may be always more than the expression, but it is not any use without it; and it is in shrinking from the effort demanded for the proper management of technique, and in miscalculating and depreciating the place of technique itself, as the material of expression, that the idealist falls short of the artist. The kernel of the matter is this: You must be constitutionally able to feel about the expression all that intimacy, tenderness, reverent care,

that sentiment of its distinction, its worthiness, its suggestiveness which the idealist lavishes on the idea. Art comes when there is no longer any antithesis between subtle idea and gross matter, when for us the latter holds nothing "common or unclean"; "when two shall be one, and that which is without as that which is within."

When Zola died, an Italian—Giuseppe Giacosa—drew attention to the one characteristic mark of the genius of this man, whose mother was French but whose father was Italian—his incurable realism. No doubt the crude realism of Zola always found a ready explanation among foreigners as the proprium of "the French novel." But there were in Zola elements which were not French at all—a realism without any lightness of touch, without French grace, gaiety, buoyancy, or *esprit*. The Italian is not gay as the Frenchman is gay, as the outcome of a high courage, and of reliance on the legitimate pleasures of the intellect, the irrepressible pleasures of *esprit*. Though he insists on calling to himself a cheerful spirit, his temperament is unstable, with a deeply-cut obverse of melancholy and discontent. Zola falls between the two stools of the Italian and French temperaments. He experienced to the full the exigencies of the terrific realism of the former; nevertheless, had all Italian realism been of Zola's quality Italy would not have given art to Europe. The bareness and uglinesses incident to the realist outlook disappear when transmuted into the artistic appreciations. These in their turn have a real action on the moral sense: there is common to all artistic peoples a greater intellectual spaciousness, a liberty of spirit with no touch of pharisaism, freedom from the obstacles which intellectual prejudice raises to intellectual vision, and which moral prejudice raises to artistic vision. We moral natures,

without wit, intellectual keenness or clearness, miss some moral truths; and just as we lack the intellectual robustness which would allow us to let things appear as they are, so we lack a certain moral grit which helps a people not to play the hypocrite and the prude. The Englishman will be found punctually crying "sinner" in his books or his newspapers lest you should think he has lot or part in the unclean thing—an expedient which would not suggest itself to the Frenchman or Italian. These are the penalties which we pay for that interior vision which teaches a man at least as much as the realistic vision: we, too, pay a price for the important faculty of *not* always seeing what is evident, but seeing clearly ("with the inward eye"), and keeping by us close and warm when found, the unobvious truth upon which no mortal eye has looked.

Italy offers two hostages to art besides her realism—or are these themselves dependent on vitalism, on that keen sense of the real which provokes the energetic reaction of which art is born? The Italians have then, first, what has been happily called "a great temperament," and next they have a marvellous facility. Owing to these two things Italian artistic *execution* is superior all along the line to that of any other people. An American cannot get his clay worked into marble by a Yankee hand as he can by an Italian; and not all German pre-eminence in music will give us an Italian's execution on any instrument. For the *execution* of great works of art you want people with a "temperament"—an Italian, a Pole, or a Magyar. The sentimental temperament—which is the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon temperament *par excellence*—can never do duty for passion, and without passion there are no "great temperaments."

Herbert Spencer found a middle term in metaphysics between the Ideal-  
The Fortnightly Review.

ism of a Berkeley and the realism of a Reid. Matter exists, but not as perceived by our senses, or the noumenon does not exist *as it appears to us*—as its phenomena. He called this relation of the senses to their object a "transfigured realism." Art, also, is a middle term, scouting the idealist hypothesis on the one hand, and transfiguring the realist's realism on the other. As phenomena place us in relation with real objects transfigured by their passage across the channels which convey to us the knowledge of their existence, so the arts are a transfigured picture of our real world seen across that rare thing, an artist's temperament—are the phenomena which result from its action on this real world. Not to the tissue of a dream spun in the brain of idealism does this temperament owe its existence; not the Berkeleyan stuff that dreams are made of, not the passionate revolt against the real of the Celtic temperament, go to its perfecting; it demands the balance, the proportion, the passion working on the real, of the Italian temperament.

The Sicilian actors at the *Shaftesbury* suggest to a writer in the *Pall Mall Magazine* (for April) some reflections which will illustrate what has been said. The Italians, he writes, cared little for scenic illusion: in their own country Sig. Grasso interrupted the play to eject some one in the audience, in London he and his company would accept "calls" and return to bow after a dramatic exit or in the interval of a passionate scene.

But where what may be called the technical illusion is perfect, the extraneous aids and atmosphere—the poor shifts of the idealist—can be dispensed with. My thesis is that the non-artistic peoples do not find in themselves the robustness necessary for creating this "technical illusion."

M. A. R. Tucker.



## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

"I am disappointed," said Major Saundersfoot, with due solemnity. "We seem to have wasted time long enough. I always thought that when Bills took the field himself we should go forward with a run."

"But we have advanced to the Grand Canal," objected Janie. Major Saundersfoot looked at her compassionately.

"What's that?" he said. "If we are going to move four miles in three days, and then spend a week in entrenching ourselves, the Scythians may peg our claims in Granthistan for eternity."

"I'm sure Lord Williams will do the right thing," persisted Janie.

"Of course you are, Sister, and very creditable to you it is. But a man, and one—if I may say it—with a certain amount of military experience, naturally looks at things from a different point of view. Williams moves slowly nowadays."

"Oh, there's the telephone!" cried Janie irrelevantly, and sister M'Kay, who had been listening with amused superiority, dashed to the instrument.

"It's for you, Jenny," she said, and proceeded to engage Major Saundersfoot in conversation at such a distance as the size of the office permitted.

"Are you there, Janie? All right. Can you get leave for this afternoon? Lady Bills is bringing out a party of *bari mems* to see the camp, and she'll look after you. The Tommies have a big sing-song on to-night, to celebrate St. Patrick's Eve, and T.E.'s will attend in state. I'll look out for you here."

"Oh, Sister, may I have leave?" gasped Janie. "The soldiers have a

concert to-night, and Lady Williams will take me out to the camp."

"And bring you back in the middle of the night, I suppose?" said Sister M'Kay. "Nice doings for a respectable hospital! But some one else is responsible for you now, so I'll look the other way."

Janie sent her message, and presently a viceregal *chaprasi* appeared with a polite invitation, written by an aide-de-camp, to Mrs. Arbuthnot to join her Excellency's party at one o'clock—a request duly obeyed by Mrs. Arbuthnot with much trepidation. Janie was not particularly self-conscious, but in this high society she had a depressing sense of being very junior, which is even worse than feeling very young. Lady Williams received her with great kindness, and accounted for her to several ladies by reminding them that her husband had been instrumental in saving the Viceroy's life when he was attacked by that fanatic last December. The ladies looked at Janie with cold eyes, and an evident resentment of her husband's presumption in doing a service which would have been so much more worthily performed by a man of some official rank, and Janie felt inclined to apologize for his existence and hers. In the train she made herself as small and unobtrusive as possible, deeply conscious of a *durzee*-made gown of country tweed, and a hat that had only too evidently never seen Paris, while two very great ladies, who had refused her timid offer to exchange seats with one of them, talked diagonally across her. Their talk was mysterious, of wheels and wires and influence, and Janie learned more about woman's influence than she had ever known before. It would never have occurred to her in what high



quarters it might usefully be exercised, nor with what contempt its exerciser would regard its object. The greater the efforts needed to "influence" a person, the more he was to be despised for being influenced, apparently. Then there was some lamentation over the good old times. Nowadays, even when a man had obtained a post, he might be deprived of it if he did not show himself qualified to hold it. Such a misfortune had recently happened to the *protégé* of one of the ladies, and she described it justly as extremely mortifying. Every one raved about efficiency now, and India was not what it had been.

From these ethereal heights Janie descended with joyful haste, when the train, which had for some time been passing through a town of tents, slowed down at a newly-erected platform. Her eye scanned critically, but without interest, the gorgeous array of warriors present to receive Lady Williams, until she caught sight of Arbuthnot modestly isolated behind them. He had seen her, and when her companions left the carriage, she waited until he joined her, happy at last in her unimportance.

"I wish we could simply stay in the train all by ourselves until it's time to go home," she said after a time. "There are so many people about."

"So do I," said Arbuthnot, peering cautiously from the window, "but the Shikaris were determined to lunch us, so I have to give in. They mean well, of course, but it's an awful bore. I have a cart here, and when the big people are gone, we'll drive to our camp. We can get a drive in the late afternoon, too."

The luncheon was rather an ordeal for Janie, more especially as it gave her a feeling that something was on foot that she did not understand. Her husband's comrades seemed to consider the inaction of the army, which

had moved Major Saundersfoot to indignation, as an excellent joke. They consulted her as to the advisability of building permanent bungalows and having their wives up, and several invited her to come and see the gardens they were laying out round their tents. She could not help feeling that it was a pity to let the servants carry away the impression that no further advance need be expected for an indefinite time, and wondered that Mr. Brooke, sitting watchful at her left hand, did not check the talk. But the luncheon was over at last, and she forgot her perturbations when Arbuthnot took her round the camp, and even as far as the advanced works on the Grand Canal. They came back for a hasty meal in his tent, and then it was time to take their places for the concert, which, as he impressed upon her, was to be a very grand affair, far superior to the ordinary camp displays of musical genius. They found seats allotted to them close to those set aside for the viceregal party, and Arbuthnot pointed out to her various people of note, and explained that the Commander-in-Chief was absent owing to a fall from his horse. For herself she distinguished Mr. Cholmeley-Smith, in uncompromising field dress, his countenance wearing a reproachful expression.

"He's been doing Cassandra for ten days," said Arbuthnot, when she pointed him out—"thinks he's the only man in camp that means fighting. This concert shows that Bills is fiddling while Rome is burning, of course. Hope some one will clear the silly ass out, and make him put on decent clothes before the Excellencies come. Ah, that's it! Lewin's got him. He thinks Bills is slack, because he can't get anything to send to his paper, and it never strikes him that there may be things in contemplation which he has no idea of."

Arbuthnot stopped suddenly, as if he had said too much, and warned Janie, quite unnecessarily, of the arrival of Lord and Lady Williams, which was heralded at the moment by the rising of the assembly. To Janie's delight, when the viceregal party had taken their places, she and he were in comfortable obscurity. Between the heads of the people in front she could see the temporary stage, surrounded by tall cressets flaring up against the dark sky, and flanked on either side by a mass of faces, fading into darkness at the extremities, but in her sheltered position she could slide her hand into her husband's without being observed, and weep in safety at all the pathetic songs. Once or twice she noted a movement among the faces opposite, and sometimes an officer slipped unobtrusively out of the audience, but it was a great shock when Arbuthnot's clasp of her hand tightened suddenly, and she heard him whisper, "I must go, dear." "On guard?" she asked, in dismay. "Surely Mr. Brooke would let some one relieve you, just for this evening?"

"He can't manage it. Give me one kiss, dearest. No one will see. It's been a little bit of heaven having you here."

He was gone before she could look round, and she sat solitary until his place was taken by Colonel Garry, the Medical Officer she had met at Gaj-nipur, who escorted her to the train, when the concert was over, to rejoin Lady Williams's party. Lord Williams shook hands with her on the platform.

"Has Arbuthnot forsaken you?" he asked kindly.

"He had to go on guard," was the doleful answer, but as she uttered it, Janie's ears detected a well-known sound in the distance—the roll of wagons on a dusty road. Her eyes met the Viceroy's, and the mystery of the

invitation to the camp, the grand concert, and the men who did not stay to the end, was clear to her. There was no more slackness about Lord Williams now than in his most dashing days. He wished her good-night, but made no further remark, and she went home proudly. As she drove up to the hospital, Major Saundersfoot ran out of his office and stopped her cart.

"Did you see Germaine at the camp, Mrs. Arbuthnot?" he asked her.

"No, my husband said he had had a fall from his horse, and was on the sick list," she answered.

"I thought so! That idiot Corporal Noakes came back from the Paniati camp to-night"—Paniati was some seventy miles east of Farishtabad, on the same side of the river, and served at present as the headquarters of the First Army—"and would have it that he had met the C.-in-C. in a red motor car on the road."

"What a funny thing!" said Janie. "I shouldn't have thought he could have mistaken him. I wonder—" she stopped suddenly.

"Oh, the fellows at Paniati had been feeding him up with prospects of an immediate advance, so he was naturally excited. Not much likelihood of that, worse luck! I hear from the south to-night that it's touch and go at Shamsabad. If they rise, we shall have every Mohammedan community in India up behind us."

"But don't you think it may be an advance, after all?"

"Where are the troops? Safe camped at Paniati—not on the way here, at any rate. The road is quite clear."

"Oh, but I meant an advance direct from Paniati, across the river to Jalun."

"Unfortunately we can't fly yet, and you may have forgotten that the Jalun bridge was blown up when we retired, and has not been repaired."

"But that's no reason why it shouldn't be!" said Janie, under her breath. She had unbounded faith in Lord Williams, and on this particular evening a sense also of being a sharer in his plans. She did not know what they were, nor had she the faintest idea how they could be carried out, but she was convinced that he had something in hand that would be successful. To say this to Major Saundersfoot, however, would only provoke him to further jeers, and she bade him good-night in a suitably chastened tone, and went on.

The next day or two there was an utter dearth of news, and the non-combatants stranded at Farishtabad argued hotly with one another that this was due, on the one hand to the presumption that nothing was being done, on the other to an increased strictness of the censorship. On the third morning, when Janie met Major Saundersfoot, he addressed her with exaggerated deference.

"Mrs. Arbuthnot, you were right and I was wrong. There was something up the day before yesterday. Lord Williams made a reconnaissance in force from the Grand Canal. The cavalry got as far as Tej Singh, and captured an armored train that tried to interfere with them."

"Yes, and then?" asked Janie breathlessly.

"Oh, then they all went back comfortably into camp behind the canal," was the crushing reply. "Did you expect Williams to recover Ranjitgarh by a *coup de main*?"

"I suppose there's an account in the 'Pen and Sword'?" said Janie, trying to conceal her disappointment.

"Oh, a glowing one. But you can see that the idea is to make haste slowly. They talk of loads of railway material—sleepers and rails—coming into camp by road from the westward, so it's pretty clear that the

Scythians are concentrating upon Ranjitgarh, blowing up the line behind them, and that Bills will build it again as he advances."

"But from the west?" said Janie, astonished.

"Oh, that's a misprint, obviously. Of course they mean from the east."

"But we should have seen the wagons if they had passed through Farishtabad."

"Yes, I'm inclined to think they must have repaired the Jalun bridge sufficiently for traffic, after all—or perhaps they took the stuff over in the ferry—so that it got into camp along the north bank of the river."

"But there's no road," said Janie, in great excitement—"no *pucca* road, my husband told me so, and not even a continuous *kutcha* road. What can it mean?"

Major Saundersfoot laughed good-humoredly. "The bazar-people will furnish you with a very pleasant meaning," he said. "The talk there is that the Panlali force has crossed the river at Jalun, and is advancing on Nanakpur."

"Well, and why not?" she cried. "They were right about the defeat at Agpur, when none of us believed it."

"Ah, why not? Because we can't fly, as I said to you once before. But even if the natives are right, it doesn't account for the delivery of railway material. No, I'm afraid that a gradual slow advance along the railway line is the only theory that will fit the facts, and if Bills doesn't hurry himself a little he will have to leave the advance alone, and take his army down to Shamsabad. The Wazir and the Resident are hard put to it to keep the state troops in check."

"I believe we are enveloped in a fog of war," said Janie, using the military phrase with much contentment. "Great movements are going on all round us, but we can't penetrate them,

because we are not in the secrets of the master mind."

"Don't be so professional, Jenny," said Sister McKay, who had come up. "Any one might think you had married the Chief of the Staff instead of a Volunteer Lieutenant."

"What's up at the 'Pen and Sword' office?" Major Saundersfoot quickened his steps, leaving behind the medical friend with whom he had been discussing inoculation for enteric, and who was taken by surprise in the midst of his most telling statistics. The "Pen and Sword" had transferred its headquarters to Farishtabad on the retirement from Ranjitgarh, and just now the verandah in front of its temporary offices was blocked by an excited crowd that overflowed into the compound.

"Some fool of a Sapper blown himself up with his own dynamite, or something equally exciting," growled the other man, but he followed Major Saundersfoot in at the gate and up to the verandah, where every one was too busy to notice them.

"What's up? Can't you tell us what's up?" The impatient question, reinforced by a tug at his coat at last induced one of the eager talkers to turn round.

"Can't you read plain English? Oh, it's you, is it? Williams is in Ranjitgarh."

"What! prisoner?"

"Prisoner be blowed! He's captured it."

"Impossible!" Major Saundersfoot clambered up to the verandah and hurled himself upon the crowd, making his way to the front by sheer force of weight. "Lord Williams entered Ranjitgarh at nine o'clock this morning," he read from the telegram posted on the wall. "The complicated series of operations which began upon St. Patrick's Day is thus completely

successful, and the first step has been taken towards freeing India from her invaders——' Oh, gas, pure gas! What operations? How has it been done?"

"Rout out Horninglow," suggested some one, and the crowd raised loud demands for the editor, who was engaged in getting out a special issue (with sketch-maps), and was inclined to maintain a haughty and Olympian remoteness.

"Most certainly it is true," he said. "It is from our correspondent with the Viceroy. Of course we have known for some days how things were likely to turn out, but in the interests of the public service we were bound to refrain from hinting at what was going on. And now—— Yes, coming!—— Excuse me; impossible to stop."

He was master of the situation, for the longer they detained him, the longer must they wait for the coveted details, and they quitted the verandah and the compound discomfited, loudly expressing the opinion that until this moment Mr. Horninglow had known no more than anybody else, and that the censorship had only just been relaxed sufficiently to allow the correspondent to send any telegrams at all. Information came through confusedly in the course of the next few hours, and the Farishtabad Europeans exercised their brains and lungs in enunciating plan after plan of the operations, which required continual modification as fresh details arrived. The contentions at the Club would have alarmed any one who was not accustomed to hear Major Saundersfoot shouting down his opponents, and pouring scorn on any who professed to enjoy exclusive information from the field, but at length a workable, or at any rate a possible, scheme was agreed upon.

The advance had been made, it was generally decided, in three directions. On the extreme left, a strong force of

Sappers and Mounted Infantry, starting with the greatest secrecy, and travelling light, had made a night march which brought them within striking distance of the railway from Agpur to Ranjitgarh, at a spot some fifty miles to the south-west of the latter city. Working eastwards, they destroyed systematically a section of the line, removing the rails and sleepers altogether and sending them into camp, and completing the destruction by letting the canal water flow over the plain. Having been joined by reinforcements, the column disappeared in a northerly direction, leaving a small detachment in a fortified village to give warning if any attempt should be made from Agpur to repair the damage done and operate against Lord Williams's rear.

The Viceroy himself, with the main army, began, after the reconnaissance on St. Patrick's Day, a slow but impressive advance upon Ranjitgarh, his left resting on the Ghara. He had heavy artillery with him, and was obviously contemplating a formal siege. His advanced-guard was soon threatening the lines occupying the site of what had been the Tej Singh cantonments, while his cavalry made demonstrations, now in one quarter, now in another, calculated to keep the Scythian force in the city on the alert, but without coming to close quarters with it. A winter in Ranjitgarh had done much to impair the spirit—or at any rate the mobility of the light cavalry which had achieved such feats on the Scythian side at the beginning of the war, and the British Mounted Infantry had contrived to learn a good deal from the enemy. But these small outpost affairs, if exciting to those who took part in them, were not alarming, and the Scythians, behind their lines, awaited Lord Williams's onslaught with much confidence. The task of the garrison was to delay him until re-

inforcements could reach them through Ethiopia, and every day they gained made his ultimate defeat more sure. They were reckoning, however, without certain developments which were taking place on the right, in the district lying north of the Ghara and southeast of Nanakpur, but separated from that city by the river Sidr.

This had been more or less a debatable land since the British retreat behind the Ghara, for though the railway bridge at Jalun had been blown up, and the district thus isolated from British territory, it included a small but pugnacious native state which had refused to acquiesce in the change of masters. There were not wanting, of course, people who said that Rajah Hira Singh's sole idea was to achieve independence for himself, but if this was the case, he relinquished it as soon as Lord William's appointment was announced. While maintaining a hollow peace with the Scythians established in Nanakpur, his state served almost as a British outpost, so useful was he in sending information of projected raids. One good turn deserves another, and during the months that preceded Lord Williams's advance, it was observed that much hard work had not made the officers encamped round Paniati less keen on sport. They took hunting leave as often as they could get it, and their destination was always the hospitable capital of Rajah Hira Singh. They crossed the Ghara in various informal ways at which the authorities winked, though technically they were entirely unacquainted with them, and on their return they were unanimous in declaring they had enjoyed splendid sport, though there was a singular absence of trophies of the chase from their baggage. This may, of course, have been due to the difficulty of transport, but the outposts on the eastern side of Nanakpur were not favorite stations with the Scythian in-



vaders. They complained that certain "rebels" harassed them so persistently that there was no leading a quiet life, and never had the manners to allow themselves to be caught.

From an intelligence station and base of guerilla warfare, Hira Singh's territory was now transformed into a screen. His sturdy, aggressive warriors shut off from Nanakpur all news of what was passing at Panlati and Julun, and in their ardor even treated rather roughly one or two British secret agents who were slow in revealing their identity, not knowing whether they had fallen among friends or foes. Behind this screen was achieved one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the war. Far away, at one of the great arsenals, huge girders had been preparing, for the purpose, it was vaguely understood, of repairing at some future time one of the wrecked bridges. These were hurried suddenly to the front, and handed over to an army of Sappers, who had made due preparation for their arrival. There was a night made hideous with clanging and a babel of tongues, and weird with many lights reflected in the river. At sunset the piers of the bridge had stood bare and ghastly and meaningless, at daybreak they were united by steel spans, and trucks were running across on a skeleton railway. The Jalun-Nanakpur line itself had suffered almost equally at the hands of the Scythians and Hira Singh's men, and at those of the country-people, who had artlessly appropriated sleepers for fuel and rails for many useful purposes, with a feeling that the misfortunes of the time were not entirely devoid of a brighter side. While the Sappers set to work to repair it, the advanced-guard of the Panlati force entered Hira Singh's state. The enterprising ruler had commandeered all boats plying on the Sidr within his jurisdiction, and by their aid a night attack was made on

the Scythian outpost at Sidr Bridge which left it in the hands of the assailants.

The way to Nanakpur lay open, provided that the Scythians there could be surprised before they had time to blow up the railway, and Sir James Germaine held a record which marked him out as the fittest person to deal with such an emergency. Men who had served in South Africa nodded knowingly when the cavalry division was ordered across country to the north-east, to seize the railway from Nicha, and sweep down it upon Nanakpur. The rest of the army was being hurried up from Panlati—along the half-repaired railway, in ekkas, on horses, mules, donkeys, any and every description of animal that could be ridden, and—another reminiscence of South Africa—it was living on the country. There was no waiting for tents or supplies, and the railway was reached in time. Before the Scythians in Nanakpur had recovered from their surprise at the news from Sidr Bridge, they learned that the British were advancing not only thence, but down the line from Nicha. The city had not, like Ranjitgarh, been turned into a fortified position, and the people were raging over an attempted desecration of the Golden Temple, the palladium of the whole Granthi faith, by a party of drunken cavalymen. The climate was distinctly unhealthy, it was agreed, and with a hurried attempt to blow up the line behind them, the Scythian force retired on Ranjitgarh. The damage done was quickly repaired, and the British followed, to be stopped, of course, by a more effectual obstacle before Tej Singh could be reached, but arriving sufficiently near to Ranjitgarh to threaten it from the east, as Lord Williams was doing from the south and south-west.

The Scythians regarded their huge earthworks complacently, and antici-



pated a long but not particularly troublesome siege, since their guns, though inferior in weight to those of the British, were superior in rapidity of fire. Direct communication with Agpur was cut off, but the line of retreat and of reinforcement, along the railway to Payab and Shah Bagh, lay open, as long as the British army was on the south of the Bari river, and there the Scythians intended it should remain. But they had left out of their calculations the mobile force which had destroyed the connection with Agpur and disappeared into the unknown. That force reappeared, on the north bank of the Bari this time, and threatened the line to the frontier. Its numbers were multiplied indefinitely by rumor and apprehension, and the Scythians believed their communications seriously jeopardized. There was no news of the reinforcements which ought by this time to have reached Shah Bagh, and from the accounts of the disturbed state of Ethiopia, it was quite likely they might not get through for some time. The force with which Ranjitgarh was held was by no means excessive for the extent of earthworks which had been constructed by the forced labor of the population during the winter, and to patrol adequately the immense length of line behind it would weaken it dangerously. As the British had discovered in the previous autumn, it is much easier to cut a long line of communications than to keep it open.

The Scythian general's reply to this salient fact was a tremendous effort to annihilate the intrusive force on the north of the river before his intention could be divined by Lord Williams and General Germaine on the south. A second time he failed to reckon with a factor which had cost the British

dear, the tendency of human nature to worship the rising sun. Every inhabitant of Ranjitgarh who had not compromised himself too deeply for pardon, and a good many who had, was anxious to insure against the future by giving every possible help to Lord Williams without present danger to his own skin, and news of the projected movement reached the British Generals in good time by several channels. As a result, the unusual activity of the Scythian artillery, and the sortie made against an exposed point, did not deceive them. When the sortie was repulsed, the pursuit was pushed home, and the Tej Singh lines remained in the hands of the British, while the mobile force on the north of the river eluded annihilation by retreating behind a barrier of flooded land. Conjecture was rife in the British camp that night. Would the Scythians retreat, or would they strengthen their second line and fight desperately behind it? The mobile force precipitated a decision by a successful raid on the line northwards, in which they blew up a bridge. The party engaged were cut off almost to a man, but the lesson was sufficient. During the next few days hot fighting went on round Ranjitgarh, though neither party seemed to give or gain an inch. The detached column continued to threaten the line, but no more, for it was known that the Scythians were sending away their stores and hospitals. Then the troops began to follow, and presently the British were faced only by a rear-guard, which held stubbornly to the passage of the Bari, and blew up the bridge behind it when at length it retired. Lord Williams was in Ranjitgarh.

*Sydney C. Grier.*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAMP.\*

The author of this remarkable book has not been well advised in the choice of his title (see footnote). It has clearly been thrust upon him, for it is quite out of keeping with his manner of telling his own story. From a man who described himself on the back of a book as a "super-tramp" you would expect self-conscious and painted-up accounts of his adventures. A reader at a bookstall, whose eye had been only caught by the title, would say to himself, "Ah, another Bart Kennedy," and resume his desultory researches. But if he chanced to open the book, he would find to his surprise a story as cool and matter-of-fact in tone and substance as a novel by Defoe. He would quickly perceive that the writer must be a man of imagination, and that the style was exceptionally homogeneous and consistent throughout. It is at once literal and literary, bookish and naïve. The author makes no attempt to describe sensations in such a way that a reader in his chair shall feel them creeping over his own nerves. He contents himself with simply stating that at such and such a time he was hungry, happy, tired or alert, as the case may be, and he merely mentions the conditions which made the circumstances pleasant or distressing. If he tells us that at such and such a juncture he went on the spree and spent all his money, he does not trace, after the manner of Gorki's perturbed and dizzy heroes, the stages of desperate excitement and confused despondency. Indeed, his interest in life seems too romantic to permit him to consider his own sensations and psychology worth literal transcription. His career is in itself so good a story, and life itself has proved so riveting

a spectacle, that on looking back it is the long run of events which has interested him most. His intimate emotions and impressions he has reserved for his poems.<sup>1</sup> This absorption in what was going on round him is remarkable, since while tramping the roads, begging, or hawking his penny wares he must have carried within him that most distracting of obsessions, the consciousness of an unused talent.

"It was in the second year of my apprenticeship," he writes, "that I met a young woman living in a small village adjoining this town of my birth, who was very clever, a great reader of fine literature; and it was to her hands, after I had enjoyed her conversation on several occasions, that I submitted a small composition of my own. Her encouragement at that early time has been the star on which my eyes have seldom closed, by which I have successfully navigated the deeps of misery, pushing aside Drink, my first officer who many a day and many a night endeavored to founder me. She was the first to recognize in my spirit something different from mere cleverness, something she had seen and recognized in her books, but had never before met in a living person. I had known her only six months when she died, but her words of encouragement have been ringing in my ears ever since they were uttered."

Although this ambition was constantly before his mind, yet in the course of a story of hardships, congenial company and disappointments there are no resentful meditations, no dismal harpings upon the contrast between the life he wished and that he had to lead, and no appeals for sympathy on behalf of a poet struggling in sordid surroundings: he tells us what

\* "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." By W. H. Davies. Fifeild. London. 3s. 6d.

<sup>1</sup> "The Soul's Destroyer. New Poems."

these were, and leaves the rest to be inferred.

"Poetry," says Mr. Shaw in his preface (no doubt to the surprise of some), "is Fortune's supremest gift." "But," he adds, "such high gifts are hardly personal assets: they are often terrible destinies and crushing burdens." True, poets have often been very wretched; still, for them

Many a green isle needs must be  
In the wide sea of misery.

They are enabled by their faculty to express themselves—a great relief—and often to contemplate their personal sufferings as part of a beautiful world of their own making—a great consolation. The half-poets, men of sensibility and ambition, who are only poets when they are reading, have a harder time once things go wrong with them. Mr. Davies, however, is not a poet of that kind. What he has written shows that his inspiration springs from experience and not from books. We can fancy him, then, getting so much worth having even from his painful experiences, that the extraordinary quietness of his narrative becomes less puzzling.

The language in which the personages express themselves in his book—they are mostly tramps, doss-house keepers and cattle-men—is no more phonetic or realistic than the language which such characters talk in boys' books. The author adopts a convention and makes no attempt to exploit a familiarity with thieves' patter and tramps' lingo such as many writers would have striven painfully to acquire. From this we may conjecture that his view of literature and the dignity of the literary calling is as romantic as his view of life. It was not for the pleasure of reading such talk as he heard round a doss-house fire, that he used to visit the public libraries whenever a chance offered; and

no doubt the transcription of such talk appears to him unworthy of a man of letters.

The author was brought up by his grandparents, an old sea-captain and his wife, who kept a public-house. After a truant boyhood, during which he got into public disgrace, showed some promise and much intractability, he resolved to try his luck and at the same time satisfy his longing for adventure by visiting America. The death of his grandparents left him the possessor of a very small annuity; and anticipating £15 of this, he started from Liverpool full of hope and expectation. Just at that time America was suffering from one of her periodic trade depressions, and his money came to an end without his having found employment. Walking out one morning to consider the pawning value of his clothes and his future movements, he sat down on a bench in a public park. He determined then and there that he would see Chicago before he sailed for England. "Suddenly becoming aware of a man occupying the other end of a seat, I inquired of him the way to Chicago as though the distance was a paltry ten miles, instead of 100 times greater. This man looked at me in astonishment, and at last asked me if I intended to beat my way. Seeing my lack of understanding, he inquired as to my financial resources. On shaking my head in the negative, implying that I had no money, he said, 'No more have I; and if you are agreeable we will both beat our way to Chicago.'" Now this man was a notorious beggar of the name of Brum, who was at home in all parts of America. He was a "genuine beggar who did not make flashes in the dark, having one day plenty and nothing the next day; what he required he proceeded to beg every morning, making an inventory of his wants. Rather than wash a good handkerchief he

would beg an old one that was clean, and he would without compunction discard a good shirt altogether rather than sew a button on—thus keeping up the dignity of his profession to the extreme. . . . Begging was to him a fine art, indeed, and a delight of which he never seemed to tire. I have known him, when surfeited with an abundance of common food, such as steak, chops, etc., to beg lozenges and sweets, complaining, I suppose, of sore throat." Of course they did not attempt to walk to Chicago; American tramps cannot be merely pedestrian, the distances are too great; he was soon initiated into the secret of beating his way by train. There are three ways, apparently, of travelling without a ticket: you can ride on the roof of the car, you can travel astride the buffers between the carriages, or, at a pinch, you can ride the narrow iron rods which are underneath the car. This method, however, has its drawbacks. It requires, as the author remarks, some nerve, and it is also uncomfortable; for being so near the ground the train seems to be running at a speed which makes you dizzy. The alternatives, however, are also not without their dangers. The brakeman, incredible as it sounds, will sometimes knock a tramp off the buffers with a crowbar or anything handy, and "it is nothing unusual in some parts to find a man, always a stranger, lying dead on the track, often cut in many pieces. At the inquest they invariably bring in 'Accidental death,' but we know different."

During the summer season Brum and his companion made their way round the various delightful watering-places on Long Island, where they had glorious times. "Cake—which we had hitherto considered as a luxury, became at this time our common food, and we were at last compelled to install plain bread and butter as a luxury, prefer-

ring it before the finest sponge cake flavored with spices and eggs . . . this part of the country was also exceptionally good for clothes." Thus the first part of their pilgrimage had included nothing that was not agreeable; but winter coming on, they found themselves compelled to adopt another mode of life. Brum suggested a short spell, during the severest weather, in some commodious jail. This was managed more easily and with less unpleasantness than English readers would be prepared to expect. Apparently at the time when the author was tramping the States, it was customary in some places to reward the policeman, or "marshals," as they are called, for every arrest they made, and to stimulate the zeal of the judges by a grant upon each conviction. Thus all they had to do was to strike a bargain with the marshal, who was only too anxious to arrest them. They stipulated in this instance for a dollar's payment, three cakes of tobacco and a solemn assurance that they should not be detained beyond thirty days. "What a pleasure," he writes, "it was that night to be in warmth, and with our minds eased of a month's anxiety." They visited in this manner several of the jails which were well spoken of; sometimes it was necessary to make a show of being drunk and disorderly, sometimes that formality was dispensed with.

Occasionally, much to the disgust of Brum, he would accept some work, but it was not until Brum had been left behind, having failed to jump a passing train, that he took to strawberry-picking. He was now accompanied by another tramp, one "Australian Red," a curious character, who invariably secreted his earnings in places he could not afterwards remember. They made several journeys to Liverpool and back as cattle-men, and the author's experiences upon these trips are the first

poignantly painful ones described in his narrative. His heart was tender towards animals, and the almost inevitable brutality with which they were treated on board gave him many disagreeable moments. On his return to America the second time he parted from "Australian Red," and took up with "Three-Fingered Jack." One afternoon, when passing through Trafalgar Square during one of his short stays in England, his eye had caught this very attractive heading—"A Land of Gold." It was an article describing Klondyke, and giving a glowing account of the good fortune of many who had been there. With characteristic promptitude he determined to beat his way across the Canadian Continent, taking with him the sum of £30 which had accumulated meanwhile from his annuity.

In describing his journey with Three-Fingered Jack he tells us one significant fact, which throws great light upon the character of such alliances. They were excellent friends, and shared good luck and bad with easy equity, but he adds, "What worried me most was the belt next to my body which contained my money. I had no fear of Three-Fingered Jack when confronting each other openly, though he was a tall and active man, but had he known of those dollars I had not dared in his presence to have closed my eyes, believing that he would have battered out my brains with stones, wooden stake or iron bar, so that he might possess himself of this amount." Yet it was in giving this companion (out of consideration for his maimed hand) the first jump a-board a slowly-travelling train that the author lost his leg. Jack, on this occasion, did not make room quickly enough upon the step, and he was dragged, still gripping on to the bar of the carriage, some yards before he was obliged to leave go. "There I lay several minutes, feeling a

little shaken, whilst the train passed swiftly on into the darkness. Even then I did not know what had happened. I attempted to stand, but found that something had happened which prevented me from doing it. Sitting down in an upright position, I then began to examine myself, and now found that the right foot was severed from the ankle." After this there was, of course, no more tramping for him, and he set sail for England, determined that now his body had failed his "brains should have the chance they had longed for." Henceforward he spent most of his time in cheap London lodging-houses, where a man can get a bed for fourpence or sixpence a night. First he tried Rowton House, which seemed to him at first the ideal dwelling-place. It surprised him by its accommodation, its dining-rooms, sitting-rooms and baths. The inhabitants, too, struck him as having an exceptionally refined appearance, some of them seeming positively prosperous. "I had already passed them in the street, thinking they were merchants or managers of great concerns; and, more likely than not, the paper-boys had followed on their heels, and cabmen had persistently hailed them." Amongst these luxurious surroundings he sat down and composed a tragedy in blank verse, confident that it would at once meet with success. It was returned to him on the third day. After this he wrote another tragedy, a comedy, and some hundreds of short poems, all without success. At last a well-known publisher offered to publish a small volume of short poems at the author's expense, the sum required being £25. "This success completely turned my head. With all my heart I believed that there could not be the least difficulty in procuring money for such a grand purpose, and at once wrote to several well-known philanthropists." When the



philanthropists did not respond, it occurred to him that the £25 might be raised by printing three or four of the poems on a loose sheet and selling them. He had only to sell 2,000 of these sheets at threepence a piece by hawking them from door to door—and there would be his five-and-twenty pounds. But this scheme, too, proved a most bitter disappointment; he only sold one copy. For the time his hopes were completely crushed. There was still one chance. By saving a few shillings he fitted up a pedlar's tray, and started to tramp the country. "As I advanced mile after mile, the sounds of commerce dying low and the human face becoming more rare, I lost for the time being my vision of the future, being filled with the peace of present objects. I noted with joy the first green field after the park, the first bird that differed from the sparrow, the first stile in the hedge after the carved gate, and the first footpath across the wild common that was neither of gravel nor of ash. . . . Reaching St. Albans on the first night, I walked through that town and, making a pillow of my pack, lay down on the wild common. It seemed as though extra bodies of stars had been drafted that night into the heavens to guard and honor the coming of age of the beautiful moon. And this fine scene kept me awake for two or three hours in spite of tired limbs. This seemed to me a glorious life as long as summer lasted and one had money to buy food in the towns and villages through which he passed." But his pins and laces did not sell; and although other tramps were eager for his company, calculating that one wooden leg could not fail to draw alms enough for two from passers-by, he found himself now possessed with a strange unwillingness to pursue any longer the methods of earlier days.

The last two chapters of the book

contain much curious information upon the arts of begging and working upon the sympathies of strangers. One old man he met, secured with ease a night's lodging and ample food for both by the simple device of a small tin can, filled with the sourest and dustiest blackberries which could be picked along the hedgerows. These he offered to all he met, and they, in most cases, were successfully touched by the pathetic unattractiveness of his wares.

One day the author was induced himself to try street singing, or "gridling," as it is called by the professors of that music which is the better paid the worse it is. But he could not bring himself to quaver and drawl as miserably as his instructor, nor was he brazen enough to succeed as a "down-righter." A "downrighter" is a beggar who gets himself up like a respectable working man, wears a clean coat and trousers, and assumes an air of rugged independence. His method of accosting strangers is to address them in the tone which at once intimidates and suggests that the applicant has had a hard struggle to get the better of his honest pride before asking for relief. The "downrighters" have a great contempt for gridlers and all beggars who employ wheedling methods.

There are curious observations upon human nature from the tramp's point of view scattered through these pages. It appears that any one seen carrying a Bible or Prayer-book is an almost hopeless subject; that fat people, especially of the feminine sex, are much more likely to yield to a charitable impulse than the thin; that the small alleys leading out of the main thoroughfares, where the poor live, are the most *certain* hunting-grounds, though not always the most lucrative. And later on, when the author had at last succeeded in getting his small book of poems published, he notes a curious fact. He sent copies to various well-

known authors, with a letter asking them to return the book if they did not wish to buy it. When the writer addressed was one who had a reputation for cynicism, either the book or a postal order nearly always came back; while the authors whose works overflowed with sentiment usually retained the book as a gift.

Mr. Davies now no longer dates his works from the "Farm-house, Kennington," nor from any other lodging-house

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of that description. A little notice informs us that *Soul's Destroyer* and *New Poems* can be obtained by writing to the author at The Weald, near Sevenoaks, where every reader of this autobiography will rejoice to imagine him at last in actual possession of that "small room, with a cosy fire and surrounded by books," which tantalized his thoughts so many winter days and nights, when he tramped the roads with strange companions.

Desmond MacCarthy.

## THE ASTRONOMY OF SHAKESPEARE.

The age of Shakespeare was a period when the thinking world was awaking to the wonders of the firmament. About twenty-one years before the poet's birth, on, to be exact, the 23rd of May, 1543, was published Nicholas Copernik's immortal work, "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium*," and what is known as the Copernikan system began to be unfolded for the use of man. Three years after his death Tycho Brahe was born, in 1546. When Brahe died in 1601 astronomy had become a science. His work was taken up by John Kepler, who was seven years the junior of Shakespeare. Six years after the poet's death Kepler's "*Epitome of the Copernikan Astronomy*" was placed on the Index. Galileo Galilei was even more nearly a contemporary of the English dramatist, though he long outlived him, for he was born on 15th February, 1564, and he died, a victim of the Inquisition, in 1642. The rapid development of exact thought involved in the new astronomy created a considerable stir in England. All the thinkers were full of it. What, then, did that most receptive of human minds, the mind that seems to have touched at some point all human thought and all types of human activ-

ity, what did Shakespeare think of it? The answer is a strange one: the new astronomy does not seem to have come into the dramatist's field of thought at any point. One would have imagined that the telescope, the marvel of the hour in 1610, would have touched his imagination. There is, however, no reference direct or indirect to it, or, indeed, to the new science of the heavens at all. If there are any sane persons who still believe that Bacon was the author of the plays, they will do well to consider this point. Bacon was fully conversant with the new astronomy, and was, as Miss Agnes Clerke points out, the founder of the modern science of astrophysics. It is inconceivable that he should have been totally silent on a question of such magnitude. The subject that aroused Milton's muse would not have left the dramatist silent.

Shakespeare's references to celestial phenomena fall into three classes. The current astrological jargon of his period in a noticeable measure pervades the plays, though the dramatist makes it clear enough, in at least two famous passages, that he himself did not accept the conclusion of astrology. In addition to these numerous references,

we have also passages importing direct astronomical observation; and, lastly, we have true observations applied to astrological uses. It will be convenient to consider these various applications of such phenomena. First, it is interesting to note that Shakespeare chooses shrewd villains or plain materialists to enunciate his repudiation of astrology; men with no self-deceptions, men who know themselves to be what they are. Astrology has a poetry about it, and forms so admirable a machine for tragedy to work with that the hero of romance or tragedy can scarcely away with his fantasy. But Cassius, with a clear mind, can cry

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

and Edmund, after feigning to Edgar that he is "a sectary astronomical"—an astrologer to wit—can, with a flash of self-revelation, exclaim

This is excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, the stars: as if we were villains by necessity . . . an admirable evasion of man, to lay his disposition to the charge of a star; my nativity was under *Ursa Major*; so that it follows that I am rough and lawless.

We may naturally pass from this reference to "Nativity" to astrology as expounded by Shakespeare in the manner of his time. Consider some further references to nativity. Conrade, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, was "born under Saturn"; Autolycus, the thief, was "littered under Mercury"; Jupiter reigned at the birth of Posthumus; Sir Toby Belch claims that both he and Sir Andrew Aguecheek were "born under Taurus," and each asserts (wrongly) the portions of the body

(usually the left eye) that were under the control of the Bull; "a cunning man did calculate" Suffolk's birth; at Glendower's nativity "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets." It would be easy to multiply instances. The Houses of Astrology seem to be referred to in the expressions, "The bloody House of Life" (*King John*, iv., 2); "Venus smiles not in a House of Tears" (*Romeo and Juliet*, iv., 1); "The secret House of Death" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, iv., 13).

Fearful events foreshadowed the death of Caesar, "things beyond all use"; "the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes." Caesar, the clear-thinking materialist, puts by, as Shakespeare put by, those superstitious inheritances of fearful ages. It is nothing to him that "when beggars die there are no comets seen." Shakespeare, in his astrological references, depicts the fears and fancies of his age, thoughts that lay deep in the hearts of even the greatest of men and women. That the dramatist was familiar with the terminology of the astrologer is shown by the reference to Taurus in *Twelfth Night*, to Cancer in *Troilus and Cressida* (II, 3), as well as by the reference to the signs of the Zodiac in *Titus Andronicus* and elsewhere, and by the very curious and (as we shall see) important reference to the "fiery Trigon" in the second part of *Henry IV*.

It is useful to turn from astrology to Shakespeare's own observation of the heavens. It is not only, as one might expect, accurate, but it also here and there illustrates an inductive process. Caesar's reference to the Pole Star is famous:

But I am constant as the Northern Star,  
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth  
shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold  
his place.

Shakespeare framed a not unnatural  
thought about astronomy when he  
made Biron say

Study is like the Heaven's glorious  
sun,  
That will not be deep searched by cu-  
rious looks:  
Small have continual plodders ever  
won,  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's  
lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining  
nights  
Than those that walk and wot not  
what they are.

The lines, whatever we may think of  
their healthy moral, give us to under-  
stand that the poet was not unac-  
quainted with the constellations and  
their names. But the Great Bear is  
the only constellation that he men-  
tions. It is referred to at least six  
times. Edmund tells us, in irony, that  
he was born under it. "We that take  
purses," says Falstaff, "go by the Moon  
and the seven stars, and not by "Phœ-  
bus" (I. *Henry IV.*, I., 2); "What!" says  
Pistol to Falstaff, "What! we have seen  
the seven stars" (II. *Henry IV.*, II., 4);  
"The reason why the seven stars  
are no more than seven is a pretty  
reason," cries the Fool to Lear in bit-  
ter irony. (Compare Trevisa's phrase,  
"Arthurus is a signe made of vii.  
sterres.") The fifth reference is in the  
fine opening to the second act of  
*Othello*:

The chidden billows seem to pelt the  
clouds;  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and  
monstrous mane,  
Seems to cast water on the burning  
bear,  
And quench the guards of th' ever-  
fixed pole.

This last line apparently refers to  
Arcturus (the Guardian of the Bear).  
The sixth reference is in the opening  
of the second act of the first part of  
*King Henry IV.*: "Four by the day. . .  
Charles' Wain is over the new chim-  
ney, and yet our horse is not packed."  
The appellation "Charles' Wain" for  
the Great Bear is said to be derived  
from "Churl's Wain," and this is not  
improbable. In *Love's Labor's Lost*  
(v. 2), the stars are referred to as  
"Ploughmen's clocks," a not dissimilar  
use. The phrase *King Charles' Wain*  
is obviously a late corruption.

The phases of the moon and the ebb  
and flow of the tide under her influence  
are, of course, repeatedly noticed and  
(*King Lear*, v., 3) applied by analogy to  
human affairs. We read of the full  
moon and of the man in the moon.  
The comparison of Rosalind to the  
moon is fully worked out. She cries,  
"You took the moon at the full, but now  
she's changed"; and the King replies,  
"Yet still she is the moon and I the  
man." The references to the man in  
the moon in the *Tempest* (II., 2) are fa-  
miliar; that to the Dog and the Bush  
in the moon is less easily understood.  
They are all repeated in *A Midsummer  
Night's Dream* (v., 1). An imaginative  
eye may trace both "Cain and his  
thorn bush" and a dog in the moun-  
tains of the moon. "The horns o' the  
moon" is a phrase repeated more than  
once. The fact that the moonlight is  
the sunlight is recognized, while there  
are many references to eclipses of the  
sun and moon.

The references to the planets are full  
of interest, and, of course, combine  
both astronomical observation and as-  
trophysical fancies. The most impor-  
tant is that in the *Second Part of Henry  
IV.* (II., 4).

*Prince Henry*: Saturn and Venus this  
year in conjunction! What says the  
almanac to that?

*Poins*: And, look, whether the fiery

Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowden-Clarke say, as to the conjunction of Saturn and Venus: "We are informed by astrological works that this was a prodigy never known to have occurred." Shakespeare may have lain under the same error as the astrologers of his time, but, in fact, a conjunction of Venus and Saturn is not an uncommon event. It happened, for instance, on April 21st, 1907. But the chief interest of the passage lies in the reference to the "fiery Trigon." This phrase, which usually in astrology merely indicates the constellations Aries, Leo and Sagittarius, was apparently used in 1604 for a particular combination (approaching a triple conjunction) of the superior planets, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. The fiery Trigon of 1604 was an event, says the late Mr. E. J. C. Morton, in his charming volume on Astronomers, "which only happens once in eight hundred years." It is of interest to note that in the year 1604 the astronomical and astrological world alike were greatly disturbed by other strange events in the heavens. "On the 29th September, 1604, a new star was observed at the foot of the constellation of Serpentarius. It died out in a few months, and resembled in all particulars that noticed by Tycho Brahé in 1572." The remarkable thing about this star was that it occurred in the year and in the vicinity of the "fiery Trigon." Kepler lays stress on this. He notes that Brahé's star came without warning, "but ours has come exactly in the year of which astrologers have written so much about the fiery Trigon that happens in it." Now the second part of *Henry IV.* was first published in quarto form by Aspley and Wise in 1600, and was apparently not reprinted until the folio of 1623 appeared. The passage in question

occurs in the quarto edition, and this shows—as, indeed, other literary references show—that the coming of the fiery Trigon was a subject of general interest and discussion. There are, of course, other allusions to Venus. The explanation of the Duke in *Measure for Measure* (iv., 2), "Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd," is a singularly striking phrase for Venus, the morning star—the star that heralds the unfolding of the day and calls upon the shepherd to unfold his sheep. All will recall the very beautiful passages in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Some brief mention must finally be made of two notable passages. A learned writer in the *English Mechanic* has suggested that the line in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* (ii., 2), "and certain stars shot madly from their spheres," calls attention to the recurrent Leonid meteors. The play was published in 1600, and the passage may well refer to a display in the preceding autumn of 1599.

Attention has often been called to the close observation shown in the famous passage in *Julius Cæsar* (ii., 1):

*Decius:*

Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

*Casca:*

No.

*Cinna:*

Oh, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca:*

You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north,

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.



The close accuracy of the description will appeal to any student of elementary astronomy. Casca is speaking at dawn on the 15th March. From the 22nd of December to the 21st March the south declination is continuously decreasing from its maximum at the solstitial point to its vanishing point, the equinoctial point when the sun enters Aries. On March 15th the sun, indeed, "is a great way growing on the south": it has, in fact, almost exhausted its southern declination. "Some two months hence," in the middle of May, the north declination, which began on March 21st, will have greatly increased, and the sun will rise noticeably "up higher toward the north," though till June 22nd it will not reach its solstitial point and its maximum north declination. Casca, apparently, concludes his speech by pointing out the true east as distinct from the point of sunrise.

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From what has been said, it is plain that Shakespeare had no special knowledge of astronomy or astrology. He was familiar with the calendars, almanacs, and prognostications (*A Winter's Tale*, iv., 3), freely published in his day, and knew well the patter of town and country fortune tellers. Of the discoveries of his time he was entirely ignorant, but he was fully abreast of the current knowledge of ordinary educated people on matters relating to the heavens, and he added to this his own wealth of observation, and made the phenomena of the firmament the most subtle instruments for illustrating his conceptions and bringing home to the heart and mind of his hearers the deeps of tragedy, the heights of comedy, the inner and higher aspects of dramatic thoughts.<sup>1</sup>

Museus.

## THE HEEL OF ACHILLES.

### II.

Passed the spring and came the summer, flower-crowned like a bride. The cherry-trees had doffed their virgin wreaths and donned the jewels of maternity so prodigally that their boughs hung low and the red treasure which freighted them gleamed thickly through the green dusk of crowded leaves; and Miss Tapscott, proud in the joy of possession, lived her life of isolation in the green open, nor asked for any companionship save that of the fruitful trees,

the piping birds, and the prim little beds of lavender and geraniums and flaunting marigolds which she herself had planted. Not once in all the weeks she had inhabited her half of the divided property had she come in contact with her co-legatee, or caught even so much as a passing glimpse of her or her boy; for each held rigidly to the terms of agreement, and widow and maid might have been as widely separated as the two poles for all intercourse there was between them.

<sup>1</sup> Since writing this paper my attention has been called to an interesting monograph on the same subject by Mr. John A. Paterson in the "Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada" for September-October, 1907. He adds one or two valuable references to those given above: the Dantesque reference to the Music of the Spheres in the "Merchant of Venice"; that to "astronomy" in *sonnet XIV.*; the elaborate reference to Mars in "All's well that ends well"—Mars predominate and Mars retrograde, Mars as the star under which Parolles was born; the clear ref-

erence to "the Ptolemaic doctrine of the Universe" in "Troilus and Cressida." But I cannot agree that the phrase "the Seven Stars" means the Pleiades. The reference to Trevisa given above shows the mediæval meaning of the phrase. The Fool's exclamation in "King Lear" shows that the number was fixed, not variable with each observer as in the case of the Pleiades, while Falstaff clearly refers to the most noticeable objects in the sky in the absence of the sun—the Moon and the Great Bear. With the Moon at the full the Pleiades would scarcely be visible.

Sometimes, it is true, Miss Tapscott could catch the sound of childish laughter or the soft murmur of a woman's voice from the other side of the high board-fence which divided the two gardens; but it did not bring to her any sense of loneliness, any desire to level the barrier which separated these other lives from hers; and it was not until mid-June that anything occurred to disturb the peaceful serenity of the spinster's isolation.

A storm overnight had found a weak spot in the garden-fence, and levelled a portion of it far down by the rear boundary-wall, where the cherry-trees hid it from Miss Tapscott's eyes; making a gap about two feet wide in the thick screen of morning glories and scarlet-runners and climbing nasturtiums which Miss Jo had planted to mask the grim bareness of the unpainted boards. In time her sharp eyes would be sure to ferret it out when she made her regular morning tour of inspection; but that time was not yet, for the storm had made havoc among her flower-beds, and beaten and broken her treasured geraniums remorselessly.

But other eyes had spied it if hers had not; and Miss Tapscott, down on her knees with a door-mat under her, busy pruning and tying up her mangled plants, was suddenly startled by a voice saying close to her elbow, "Your chewweries is all comin' off the twees by themselves; so I bwinged 'em home to you—see!" and, glancing sharply up, she beheld standing beside her a small, bareheaded figure, with a red-stained face and a looped-up pinafore half-filled with luscious windfalls.

Miss Jo rose to her feet and indignantly stabbed the air with her pruning-shears.

"Now, you march right straight out of here this instant," exclaimed she, "double-quick now; and tell your ma that this is ag'in' agreement."

"Oho! what funny big scissors!" laughed the child, totally unused to being repulsed or spoken sharply to, and therefore failing to understand Miss Tapscott's ire. "Does your mummy let you play wiv scissors? Mine don't. Here's your chewweries. I eated some."

"Well, you kin eat the rest, then; I don't want 'em," snapped Miss Jo ungraciously. "Git along now, and go back where you belong. How'd you get in here I'd like to know? Did your ma hev' the cheek to let you come?"

"Mummy don't know. Mummy's lyin' down. It's one of her 'bad head' days," replied the child plaintively. "And I didn't have nuffin' to do but jiss walk in the garden and play wiv my kitten. It was kitten what finded the hole in your fence first."

"A hole in the fence?"

"Oho! Look! here's a big, big chewwery. 'Open your mouf and shut your eyes, and I'll div you somefing to make you wise.' You mustn't look. Jiss bend down and open your mouf."

"Oh, get along with you! I never see sich a pesterin' critter. Where's that hole in the fence, hey?"

"'Open your mouf and shut your eyes, and I'll div you somefing to make you wise.'"

"Oh well, then, *there*, you pesterin' little nuisance! I suppose there ain't no other way of gittin' rid of you; and if——"

A big cherry dropped into her mouth, a shower of others fell upon the grass at her feet, and at the same moment she felt two little clinging arms wrap themselves tightly about her neck, and a pair of warm, soft little lips press themselves to hers. And at the same time, "I getted first kiss! I getted first kiss!" laughed the child, releasing her and clapping his hands joyously. "Now, you dot to pay 'forfeit' and be my horsie. Dit app!"

"Well, of all the—— Lands sakes

alive! what on earth—— Let go my skirt. I never see sich a perseverin' little imp in all my born-days. The way your mother's brung you up is somethin' scandalous."

"Dit app!" reiterated the laughing child. "I'm doin' to dwive you to Banbury Cwoss to see the hole in the fence. Dit app! It's 'forfeit,' and if you don't pay 'forfeit' you has to div two hundred kisses and cawwy me up to bed in your arms, you know; same as mummy."

"Good land!" exclaimed Miss Jo in dismay. "I never see sich a child. There ain't no shakin' you off nor gittin' rid of you nohow; you jist pester and pester until a body *has* to give in. Where's the hole in the fence? Oh, down that way is it? Well, come on, then, and be done with it!"

And with that—well, you'd hardly believe it; indeed, she found it hard to believe it herself—Miss Jo threw down her pruning-shears and skipped forward; and had any one peeped over the garden-wall at any period during the course of the next minute and a half he would have been treated to the spectacle of a maiden-lady in a sun-bonnet and blue-yarn stockings prancing goat-like down the orchard-path, with a laughing child clinging to the tail of her skirt and lustily shouting to her to "Git app!"

From the first it had been Miss Tapscott's firm determination to put the child on the other side of the fence and to nail up the boards as soon as the breach was pointed out to her; but, oddly enough, when they came to it at last her whole attention seemed to be claimed by the large quantity of cherries which the storm had stripped from the trees, and which now lay scattered thickly on the close-cropped grass.

"It's puffickly sinful for all that fruit to go to waste," mused she. "Tain't hurt a bit, and it'll make beautiful

cherry-pies. Be ye fond o' cherry-ple, babby?"

"Oh, I love it! And so does mummy."

"Ye do, hey? Well, jist you run up to my back-door—I'm clean tired out with your gallivantin', and ain't got breath enough left to stir a feather—and fetch back that little wicker basket you'll see settin' on the winder-ledge, and we'll pick these cherries up and you kin take them in to your ma when you go. Hurry up now—I've got my geranium-beds to attend to quick's ever I kin git back to 'em."

But even when the cherries were gathered up and placed in the little basket, the geranium-beds still waited attention and the gap in the fence still remained unclosed; for the untidy state of the grass under the trees where the fallen leaves and the broken twigs lay appealed to Miss Jo's love of neatness, and she and the child busied themselves in collecting them and bearing them away to the rubbish-heap. It was while they were in the midst of this operation that an anxious voice sounded and a pale, frightened little woman appeared at the gap in the fence.

"Oh Wally boy, how you frightened me, dear!—I woke up and couldn't find him anywhere, Miss Tapscott. Come back, dearie. You mustn't go in there—mummy promised that you wouldn't. Please forgive him, Miss Tapscott; I'll see that it never occurs again."

"Oh, he ain't hurtin' nothin', and he's sort of been company," admitted Miss Jo grimly. "I'll allow it's ag'in' regulations, but I guess it won't kill nobody for once. The storm blew down the fence, and his kitten ran in here. I've give him some cherries to make a pie of. He says him and you likes cherry-ple, and—well, there's more fruit than I kin use anyway, so you're welcome to it."

"Thank you so much; it's very kind of you. Come, Wally dear. Can't we send you some of our roses in return,

Miss Tapscott? They are in the very perfection of bloom."

"I've told you once I hate roses!" snapped Miss Jo resentfully. "My bread's in the oven, and I ain't got no time to talk. Good-mornin'."

And with this ungracious parting she walked away and went back in the direction of the house. But although the rest of that day was passed in the regular routine which had marked all her days since the time of her coming into her inheritance, and garden and orchard offered her the same inducements as ever, somehow or other they offered them in vain; the day didn't seem quite like all the other days, and she was conscious for the first time of a wee little shade of loneliness—conscious of missing a piping little voice keeping up a running fire of questions and comments, of a little yellow head nodding at her while she pruned and weeded, and of a soft little hand brushing hers when she dropped bits of rubbish into the leaf-basket.

And so it fell out that the gap in the fence was not mended that day, nor yet the next, nor the next again; and although no storm came to strip the cherry-trees of their scarlet treasure, each morning unfailingly there was a scattered mass of "windfalls" lying on the grass beneath the trees at one particular spot—an utterly irresistible temptation to the lonely little figure that went past the gap in the fence at the hour when "mummy slept, and her head was bad," and Wally boy and "Kitty" were left to entertain each other in the garden.

At such times Miss Jo would always swoop down with her grenadier stride and catch the young intruder, and "allow" grimly that "You ain't got no right to come in here, and I'll hev' to remember to nail up them boards. But now you are here, you may as well

stay and help me do my weedin', to pay up for it." And always—just before mummy was due to wake up and come out into the garden—Miss Tapscott would bundle boy and kitten back through the gap and ungraciously submit to a parting kiss as she ordered the child to "Be off now about your own business. And don't you dare ever come in here unless it's to pick up windfalls. I'm goin' to nail up this hole soon's ever I kin git time to remember it—I really am."

But, although June passed, and July came and deepened, and August drew near, her memory never appeared to jog her with regard to that particular piece of mending, and the gap was still unclosed. But, more wonderful than this, the windfalls continued without the slightest intermission, no matter what the state of the weather overnight might be; and when the cherry season was over these marvellous trees dropped apples or plums or peaches, as the mood seized them, with a daring defiance of nature which could have deceived no one but a child.

In this way July followed June, August came and August went, and by the time September, with its grape-scented air, filled Miss Jo's garden with rafts of white and red and purple China asters, Wally boy's visits—beginning with one per diem, and growing thence to two, had increased to three—one in the morning, one directly after noon, and the third just before twilight came—for "mummy's" headaches had increased in frequency, until "mummy" seemed to pass most of her time in sleeping these days, and even the sound of her voice was seldom heard in the now almost bloomless rose-garden on the other side of the dividing fence.

"I ain't no patience with her, lollin' around and lettin' you take keer of yourself," commented Miss Jo one day when the child came toddling up the

orchard-walk with his pinafore awry, his hair at sixes and sevens, and the cheek against which he held the kitten all smudged with blackberry-stains. "You ain't been washed since lunch-time, and them there holes in the knees of your stockin's is jist the way they was two days ago. Who put that apron on yer? Done it yerself, didn't yer? Yes, I thought so! Turn around and let me look at you. Sakes alive! there ain't but one button on it from top to bottom. Well, of all the shiftless, idle, good-for-nothin' wimmen ever I heard of, I reckon your ma takes the cake. Stand still a minute till I wash your face and run my pocket-comb through that untidy mop! Agreement or no agreement, I'm goin' round to give that woman a piece of my mind. It's puffically scandalous the way she lets you go. A good sound talkin' to is what she needs, and she's goin' to get it, too, or I'm a Dutchman."

In this manner the spinster discoursed as she set to and made the child a little more presentable; and, this done, she took him by the hand, marched down the orchard and through the gap, and, with fire in her eye, bore down on the porch where Mrs. Thorburn slept in a deep old rocking-chair, with her thin hands loosely folded and a bunch of late-blooming roses in her lap.

She awoke at the sound of Miss Jo's coming, and looked up with her great hollow-ringed eyes and her faded and wasted face; and at sight of her all the fires of resentment died out of the spinster's breast and a great pity—a great fear—filled it instead.

"For Heaven's sake, child, why didn't you let me know you was so bad as this?" she exclaimed contritely. "I never see nobody change so in a short time in all my born-days. What on earth be you a-settin' out here for, in your state of health? My goodness!

you look as though you was on the p'int of givin' up the ghost."

"I sometimes think I am," said Mrs. Thorburn pathetically. "I don't think I'd mind it—if it were not for my baby. I miss Walter so much! I've missed him every day since we were divided."

"Missed fiddlesticks!" sniffed Miss Jo contemptuously. "There never was a man yet that was wuth a woman a-dyin' for. What you want more'n all the fiddle-faddlin' 'Walters' that ever hampered up the world is a mustard-plaster, a bed, and a bowl of hot gruel; and I'm goin' to give 'em to you, too. Open that door, sonny, and show me the way to your ma's room. I'm goin' to put her to bed, where she belongs. What's that? Heavy? Goodness, child, you don't weigh more'n a pint o' nuts, and I kin carry yer as easy as turnin' a pancake. Or, wait a bit! Mebby I'd better run in and git the bed ready first. Ugh!"—with a sudden shudder of repulsion—"chuck them dreadful roses away, for pity's sake; the smell of 'em makes me sick—makes me hate everythin' in the world—everythin' and everybody."

"They were always Walter's favorites," replied the widow wistfully. "I love them for that as much as for their beauty. He was such a good man, Miss Tapscott, so kind and tender and true, and his passion for roses was almost worship."

"I never knew but one man like that and he—well, hangin' was too good for him!" asseverated Miss Jo, her face darkening and hardening, and the creases tightening about her mouth. "Killed a woman's whole life, he did; and there ain't no murder worse'n that. She was a deal older'n him, and had a little money laid by. Not much; jist enough to keep her when she growed old; but he laid his plans pretty good, and she was a fool, and fell into



'em. Made her think he loved her, he did; got her to draw out her money and give that and some trinkets that had been her mother's into his keepin' jist the day before the one that had been set for 'em to be married. She never see him ag'in after that. He run and left her, takin' everythin' she had in the world. *He* loved roses—that man—they was a reg'lar passion with him. I tell you I wouldn't trust a man who loved roses further'n I could see him after that."

"You would if you had known Walter, Miss Tapscott; I'm sure you would. Wait! Let me show you. He had the noblest face, the noblest character, that ever was. Look!"—fumbling at her collar and drawing up from its hiding-place a queer, old-fashioned, flat gold locket attached to a fine thin chain—"he gave me this when we were married. It was his dead mother's. Here's the T. that stands for Thorburn, see!"

Miss Jo did see. She was looking with eyes that were large and round and full of a curious light. Her thin face had grown oddly white; her nostrils were expanded and her mouth pursed up until it looked like a little red eyelet set in a face of dough.

"Look!" said Mrs. Thorburn, opening the locket and holding it out on the palm of her hand. "It's Walter's picture. Could any one look into a face like that and not love and trust it, Miss Tapscott?"

"I dunno," replied Miss Jo, moistening her lips with the tip of her tongue and speaking in a queer shaking, far-away sort of voice. "I ain't much of a judge of people's looks. 'Scuse me. I've jist remembered I've got company comin', and I believe there they are now."

Then she turned and went quickly down the garden-walk, passed through the gap in the fence, caught up the dis-

placed boards, and with a stone nailed them back into position again, and, sinking down on the grass under the cherry-trees, laid her folded arms across her knees and her forehead upon them, not saying one word, not making one sound.

The afternoon wore away; the twilight came and went; the night fell with solemn hush and the magic of twinkling stars; then, all of a sudden, there sounded a mighty crash—repeated again and yet again; and as Mrs. Thornburn, startled by the sound, left Wally's bedside and came out upon the veranda and looked down the long, bright garden-paths, lo! a shower of flying wood cut through the air and crashed into the rose-bushes, and there in the moonlight stood Miss Jo, armed with a long-handled axe, beating and banging and cutting into the dividing fence and levelling it from end to end.

"Oh Miss Tapscott, what in the world are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Thornburn in amazement.

"Sort o' comin' to my senses, I reckon," replied Miss Jo, as she swung the axe round and sent another board flying. "It ain't nuther Christian feelin' nor yet common-sense for us two lone wimmen to go on livin' like this. You need a nurse to brace you up and fetch you round to health ag'in, and I need—the boy! The Lord's showed me the way, Mrs. Thorburn—He truly has!—and I know now that there ain't nothin' in the world like fetchin' up a *good man's* child in the way he should go to keep a critter from growin' sour and *unhuman*. I guess there's somethin' of the mother-feelin' set in a woman's heart and nature whether she's cut out for an old maid or not. Anyways, this here fence is comin' down for good and all, and me and you is goin' to bring up that boy together and make a good, God-fearin', honest man of him."

"Like his dear father, bless him!"  
"Better!" said Miss Jo, as she swung  
the axe with redoubled vigor. "At  
Chambers's Journal.

least, better if better kin be—which,  
from what you say, I don't suppose it  
kin!"

*Kate Thurston Marsh.*

*(The End.)*

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## THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

While diplomacy tries to create an unprecedented system of defensive guarantees, the Continental situation, in the judgment of every competent observer of it, becomes more and not less precarious. The praises of peace are no longer formal, because war is no longer unthinkable. In all the Chanceries there is a new sense of quiet but profound apprehension, and it is felt, it is indeed known, that the tension of international relationships can hardly be increased without coming to flashpoint. For the Powers most interested in preventing a general overturn, and least in a position to attack, the question is whether any further attempt can be made to guard against the worst consequences of possible hostilities without provoking an actual breach of peace; or whether immediate peace might be purchased by such a surrender to the most formidable and least satisfied of European Powers as would promote the success of subsequent aggression. This is no artificial hypothesis. It is the strict alternative of the European situation, and though there is no real doubt as to the decision which must be taken by firm and moderate statesmanship, there has not often been a diplomatic problem requiring more steady and dexterous treatment. We and the nations who would be our partners in certain emergencies are handling high explosives. The task is like that of removing a bomb from where it has been placed at the risk that the bomb may burst in your hands.

Apply this metaphor to the interna-

tional situation. Nothing could be more mischievous than the idea spread by Prince Bülow's semi-official Press and countenanced in alarmist speeches—like the utterance at Doeberitz, which has been rather admitted than denied—by the Kaiser himself. It is suggested that the object of the new Triple Entente between London, Paris, and St. Petersburg is the isolation of Germany. That end has not been aimed at. That effect has not been produced. It is important to show how imaginary is the grievance already exploited in advance by those who maintain that Germany would be justified in declaring a world-war with the object of breaking the chains in which her enemies are endeavoring to bind her. The partners in the Triple Entente are pursuing quite other purposes. The aim of each and every one of them is to avert perils which would be mortal and to defend interests which will be vital to their whole national future. There never was a diplomatic system more strictly defensive in temper and intention than the reconstruction of international relationships in Europe which has been carried out under King Edward's auspices during the last decade. It is true that no Power desires to exist on sufferance or can be content with peace without security. It is true that no country desires to be at the mercy of the most apparently benevolent of its neighbors. It is true that no nation wishes to leave itself liable to be destroyed, whether by Germany or any other Power. A sound foreign policy must

seek, not the mere repetition of pacific assurances and demonstrations, but the maximum of real political security. This being said, it remains a fact, and not merely a formula of insular hypocrisy, that British foreign policy, while steadily and inflexibly pursuing in concert with our partners other objects essential in themselves and perhaps unwelcome and even inconvenient to Berlin, does not desire the isolation of Germany, but desires, on the contrary, that Germany should not be isolated. Any chauvinistic contention to the contrary, whether in this country or France, could only serve the enemies of both. But though the Wilhelmstrasse understands perfectly the real method and aims of the diplomatic reconstruction advanced another stage by King Edward's visit to the Tsar, it suits that institution very well to pretend, through the most eminent of the organs well known to stand under its influence, that Germany's future is compromised by an international conspiracy, and that if war should come the Prussian sword will be justly unsheathed to sever the toils.

Arguments of this sort convey a sort of hypnotic suggestion upon the masses of an alarmed country and tend to bring about their own application. The objects of the diplomatic reconstruction carried out during the last half-decade—of the "Edwardian" we may conveniently say, as opposed to the Bismarckian system—are strictly pacific. The unwavering intention has been to strengthen the guarantees against any attack upon the European *status quo*. It is certain that the meeting of the two Sovereigns in the Gulf of Finland never could have taken place had any aggressive move against German interests been contemplated by Sir Edward Grey. Nevertheless the perilous paradox of the situation—and we have reached a point where it has become futile and mischievous to pal-

ter with this truth—is that the more the new guarantees for peace are increased and strengthened, the more threatening becomes the possibility of war. A cartoonist of genius might startle Europe and explain the situation with a force which words can never rival, by showing the German Emperor plunged in sombre reverie and testing the edge of the sword with his thumb. The growing force of the doubt whether the next few years can be passed in peace is the characteristic and ominous feature of European politics in the aspect they have recently and almost insensibly assumed.

To account for this situation needs no detailed retrospect. The historical preliminaries have more than once been traced in these pages. They have not been specially discussed from the Russian point of view. The British attitude is well known. The politics of France are fairly understood. The recent evolution of Russian policy has been less easy to follow, because, as a matter of fact, fundamental interests in foreign policy have been by no means so easy to define in St. Petersburg as in London or in Paris. When the Reval meeting took place it was thirty years almost to a day since the opening of the Berlin Congress. Coincidence in this case is not only curious but profoundly significant. One phase of the Eastern Question was opened by the epoch-making debates in the Radziwill palace under Prince Bismarck's presidency, and in Lord Beaconsfield's presence. Since then, like a ponderous pendulum, Russian policy has swung heavily two ways, and has required a half-generation for each movement. But when we look back over three decades from the point of vantage at which the Reval meeting has placed us, we perceive that in the long run the course of world-politics has been more profoundly and continuously influenced by affairs in the Near East

than most people at a period not far behind us were inclined to suspect.

In 1878 Bismarck, in the conviction of the Slav races, had played the part of the not too honest broker. For a moment the solid basis of the Iron Chancellor's diplomacy seemed about to break up. Germany became the object of the furious resentment of all patriotic Russians and apostles of pan-Slavism. The road to Constantinople, it was said, lay henceforth through Berlin. This is well known. Our present business is to show once more, though briefly, how the Berlin Congress and its consequences have influenced all subsequent combinations. The classic era of Bismarckian wars had closed. There had begun the classic era of the Iron Chancellor's preventive diplomacy. His aims were complex in method, but perfectly simple in motive. Upon the one hand, he wished to create the maximum security against the possible consequences, whether diplomatic or warlike, of an alliance between Russia and France—between the victims of the military *débâcle* of 1870 and the political *débâcle* of 1878. But then, having guarded against a danger which, though it might prove unavoidable, must involve desperate risks, the master of statecraft labored to avert the danger altogether. He probably did not believe in, and did not desire, the permanent maintenance of peace, but with all the marvellous sagacity of his brain he wished Germany to accumulate force and to wait for a favorable opportunity. He played greatly for time. Immediately after the Berlin Congress there was created by successive steps the Triple Alliance. Its object was to bridle Russia and France as long as possible, and to provide a formidable resistance if, in spite of all efforts to restrain them, they should make an attack in concert. But Bismarck's main object being to avert altogether a

breach with Russia which might in any case be fatal, he simultaneously maintained the secret understanding with that Power upon terms which preserved an unstable equilibrium in the Balkans between the policy of Vienna and the policy of St. Petersburg.

This extraordinary fashion of acting as judicious bottle-holder to both sides, with a slight prejudice in favor of the bigger man, was inspired, to begin with, by nothing less than the gigantic simplicity of sheer genius. To keep up the process without giving final offence either at St. Petersburg or Vienna was a task requiring inconceivable address, and would have worn out any other human brain. It cannot be too often repeated that Bismarckianism cannot be reduced to a recipe. The Iron Chancellor's greatness lay not at all in the merit of his abstract ideas, but in the unapproachable skill with which he applied those ideas and manipulated practical policy. In any case his success in the closing phase of his active career was as wonderful as it had been in the earlier. This country, indeed, refused to join the Triple Alliance; but the state of affairs in Central Asia and in Egypt was such that England necessarily appeared the most incessant and ubiquitous opponent both of Russia and of France. While this position lasted, Germany was absolutely immune, since no two Powers could combine against her, and none was strong enough to grapple with her alone. Upon the other hand, every Power was at an absolute disadvantage, and Germany could bring an increasing pressure to bear upon each of them, because in emergency she could threaten every one of her neighbors with a coalition. Her allies, Austria and Italy, were dependent upon her for their safety. Russia, though chafing fiercely from time to time, could not rebel decisively

against the Bismarckian system, lest in grappling with Austria and Germany in front, she might have England upon her back. France could not quarrel with England without surrendering Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, and could not attack Germany without surrendering Egypt to England. The world has changed, and it is very difficult for us to revive in our minds a vivid picture of international conditions in the 'eighties. The more strongly we realize the condition of the old world almost up to the moment of the Iron Chancellor's fall, the more we are compelled to admire the superhuman powers which kept in the Iron Chancellor's hands the key to all possible combinations, and prevented other countries, whether allied with the Fatherland or not, from forming any combination—which made Germany a block of granite in a mass of rubble, by comparison with the mob-lot of her neighbors, Continental and Insular.

Even if the German Emperor had ever grasped, which is at least doubtful, the first principles upon which the Bismarckian system depended, he entirely lacked the unrivalled experience, the international authority, the gifts of intellect and temperament, which were required to work that system successfully. From the moment of his accession the counter-movement so long postponed by the Iron Chancellor commenced to work. Russia and France drew together, and in that process the foundations of the Iron Chancellor's diplomacy disappeared. If the Titan blasphemed it was because he alone fully understood what had happened. He felt himself to be the King Lear of politics, driven out of the fair heritage he had created, and seeing it exposed to destruction before his eyes. For a while, however, the cast-out prophet was mocked, and the world was deceived. The era of *well-politik* was opened, and in the blaze of what

appeared to be a new revelation the Iron Chancellor was discounted, and Europe was forgotten.

To superficial persons, and they formed the vast majority of mankind, Bismarck's pessimistic complaints seemed utterly unintelligible. The Kaiser had pointed to the Yellow Peril. Russia was fatally encouraged to regard herself as the destined champion of white civilization. The three Powers whose territories stretched without a break from the English Channel to the Yellow Sea were leagued against Japan. Port Arthur was kept in countenance by Kiaoo Chau. France seemed to have become the ally of Russia only that she might be the more unavoidably constrained to walk behind the Kaiser's chariot-wheels. The German Emperor was the protector of Constantinople, the projector of the Bagdad Railway, and the patron of the Mohammedan world. He was the organizer of a fleet destined to revolutionize the conditions of sea-power. Up to a certain moment rather more than seven years ago, it seemed to the great majority of politicians throughout the world that the German Emperor had created more magnificent guarantees of German domination than Bismarck had ever imagined in his dreams. The Triple Alliance had been preserved. The favor of the Turk, which was and remains a support of no mean account, had been won. Russia was involved in the Far East. England was tied up in South Africa. France in these circumstances seemed impotent to pursue any independent policy or to strengthen her diplomatic position. Her nominal ally was practically neutralized for all European purposes. The stars in their courses seemed to fight for the German Emperor and his policy. But often are the worst gifts of fortune those that seem her best.

Of the maxim about the art of concealing art the Kaiser had never



learned the meaning. Bismarck was a consummate master of secrecy. The German Emperor loved to exhibit his moves. He hymned his successes beforehand, and he trumpeted them afterwards. He did not distinctly and thoroughly subordinate any one purpose to another. He desired to advance in all directions all at once. Europe, as we have said, had been almost forgotten—Asia being regarded as beginning well upon this side of Constantinople. Bismarck, as we have seen, had no *welt-politik*, for his Colonial enterprises were manœuvres not inspired by any genuinely Colonial purpose. The Kaiser's imagination, upon the contrary, was wholly possessed by extra-European visions. That profound difference of temper is more responsible than any other single factor whatever for the profound disadvantage of the comparison at the present day between the diplomatic position of Germany under Bismarck and the situation in which she is now placed when the great web of the Iron Chancellor's statecraft has been almost totally undone. And it has been undone not so much by the efforts of hostile diplomacy as by the mistakes of the new régime in the Wilhelmstrasse itself. The Kaiser's Asiatic policy proved disastrous in the Far East. His African policy has hitherto proved disastrous in Morocco. Within half a generation after the Iron Chancellor's retirement modern Germany had reached a situation which would have appalled her creator. It had become clear to several of the Great Powers simultaneously that unless some strong counterpoise was set up, Germany would become in turn the arbiter of the destinies of every nation upon whose interests she impinged. She had challenged the most vital of all British interests at sea. She had challenged the most vital interest of Russia in the Near East. By forcing the Third Re-

public to dismiss M. Delcassé and adding terrorism to humiliation—threatening war unless the *entente cordiale* were submitted to the veto of Berlin—the supreme interest of France was challenged, her diplomatic independence, the very life of her national honor, her national existence itself.

The principles of crystallization in European politics were thereupon deeply and permanently changed. They were changed not so much because of a difference in the nature of the policy practised in Berlin, but because of an alteration in the art with which it was practised. Profound intrigue was replaced by ostentatious display. Bismarck had studiously concealed the new possibilities of German powers. Kaiser Wilhelm had revealed and developed them. Other countries became fully aware that new guarantees were required against overwhelming possibilities of ultimate danger. In a word, there began to work a principle the very opposite from that which Bismarck had kept in play. The nations surrounding Germany, instead of being held apart from each other, and as it were in solution, began to draw together in compact and separate masses, showing a tendency to consolidation upon an even larger scale. At the same time, the Triple Alliance became a perplexed and passive organization, weakened and loosened if not dissolved. In the new era, as in the earlier, the strongest influence at work was what we may perhaps call the automatic compulsion of real interests gradually overpowering traditional sentiments. The whole process was set up as much by the silent but irresistible instinct of whole nations as by the scientific calculation and deliberate advocacy of individuals among them. But nothing can be clearer than that neither has an international plot for the isolation of Germany at any time existed, nor is

a conspiracy of aggression even remotely possible at the present moment. Nothing but the four great personal acts of the Kaiser's foreign policy—the whole process connected with the seizure of Kiau Chau, the bid for sea-power, the pursuit of ascendancy in the Near East and Middle East, and the intervention in Morocco—could have created a real and increasing solidarity between English, French, and Russian interests.

The course of events connected with the origin and development of the *entente cordiale* has been too often discussed to need recapitulation here. The overwhelming mass of the English and the French peoples quite understand the principles of that partnership which was brilliantly celebrated by the reception of President Fallières in London. The citizens of the Third Republic know well that the most famous of all Admiral Mahan's sayings applies to the present situation in Europe. The British fleet stands in some sense between the German army and Paris. The French army stands in a similar sense between the German Empire and the dominion of the sea. To this point it was comparatively easy to bring the imagination of both countries. England and France, let it be observed, never for an instant contemplated an attack upon any third Power; they aimed at nothing but an increase of security by mutual insurance of their special interests and legitimate possessions. But M. Delcassé, to whose work we only do not pay another tribute now because we have so often before dealt with it in detail, saw from the first that the *entente cordiale* alone would not of itself be enough to maintain in all circumstances the equilibrium of Europe. At the moment of his overthrow the new diplomatic problem, as it appeared from the point of view of London or of Paris, had only been half worked out. Whether all

results were to be secured, or whether all without exception were to be jeopardized, depended, above all, upon the action of St. Petersburg. The working out of this half of the problem is even yet far from complete, though it looks more and more as if the partners to the Triple Entente were getting the right answer. If we are to measure the extent of the success achieved by Sir Edward Grey in concert with M. Isvolsky, and the importance of King Edward's visit to the Tsar, we must remember two things. First, the maintenance of the *entente cordiale* depended, and still depends, upon the continuance of our good relations with Russia; and, secondly, for some period after the peace of Portsmouth the future of Russian foreign policy was wrapped in almost impenetrable obscurity, and it was uncertain whether movement would be made in one or the other of two very different directions.

Would the Tsar throw himself into the arms of the German Emperor, which had been opened wide to receive him? Was it possible to establish even an *entente cordiale* between the Empires of Great Britain and of Russia? Either one or the other of these possible developments was bound to take place, and when Sir Edward Grey took charge of the Foreign Office it was still uncertain how opinion at St. Petersburg would develop. It was still possible that all the joint work of M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne might be ruined—that all the diplomatic successes then associated in Europe with King Edward's name might be swept away. This is a fact which seems to have altogether escaped the attention of the Labor party regarded as a body. It is a truth hardly to be perceived by the greater number of members upon those benches behind Sir Edward Grey, where many of the most sentimental and worst informed

of his critics have their place. It was true, after the close of the Manchurian war, and it is true now, that Russia could have had a German alliance by holding up her hand. She was right to refuse it, from the point of view of the balance of advantage. But in itself it would have been a very powerful and profitable combination, and France would in the end have been forced into it owing to the military impotence of this country. This situation, as it existed almost up to a year ago, explains the standpoint from which the work of Sir Edward Grey has always been judged in these pages. We may say, in emphasis of his virtues, what is usually said in mitigation of other people's faults—"What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's prevented."

After the peace of Portsmouth the state of Russia was worse than any condition to which a great nation has been reduced since the mid-anarchy of the Thirty Years' War. She had been flung back from the goal which she had made colossal sacrifices to reach. Her armies were vanquished. Her debts were enormous. Her credit was exhausted. Within, the whole Empire was seething with revolutionary violence. The throne itself was threatened. The existence of the dynasty was jeopardized, although nothing but the executive power of the Tsars could have created modern Russia or held it together. In Poland, in Finland, in the Caucasus forces making for the dismemberment of the Tsardom were violently at work. Nothing was certain but that everything was uncertain. Again and again it seemed as though revolution must sweep all before it into an anarchy which might make foreign intervention inevitable. The whole national organization was shattered in the political struggle. For a time Russia, regarded as a Great Power, had ceased to exist, and with

the disappearance of its counterbalancing weight there was no longer any solid security for the maintenance of the European equilibrium.

For Russia herself, when M. Isvolsky took over the control of her external relations, nothing was clearer than that the basis of her diplomacy must be broadened. The alliance with France was no longer adequate to the contingencies, whether of peace or war. Russia indeed needed, above all, as she still needs, twenty years of uninterrupted peace, accompanied by economic, educational, and constitutional development. But even when competitive nations are nominally at peace the unproclaimed war of diplomacy goes on, and advantages may be gained or reverses suffered in campaigns not less serious than those that are won and lost on the field. During the long period of regeneration which lay in front of her after the Manchurian struggle, Russia had to provide for her prestige. She had to find means of preventing changes that might have placed her under a fatal disadvantage before she was once more ready to assert her position, if necessary, by arms. In a competitive world a policy of passive endurance can never be enough for any nation, even though it be actually exempt from armed attack. If the situation were to be kept to a certain extent under control after the treaty of Portsmouth, if peace were to be worth having, it was certain from the autumn of 1905 that Russia must strengthen her diplomatic connections. M. Isvolsky had to work either for an alliance with Germany, which would necessarily have been effected at the expense of this country, or for a settlement with England, which would give greater freedom of movement in certain directions without preventing altogether the maintenance of excellent relations with Berlin.

Let those who have condemned Sir

Edward Grey's policy, or who have failed to appreciate it at its true worth, realize what would have been the position if an alliance between the Kaiser and the Tsar had been concluded. In St. Petersburg powerful influences were and are in favor of this combination. If our Labor party and our extreme Radicals had a free hand in foreign policy, they would create a Russo-German combination in six months. It is clear that this result in the domestic field would not be favorable to democracy. It would have helped to re-establish the omnipotence of autocratic authority. From this standpoint, which in the midst of the revolutionary crisis must have been decisive for the Court, the German alliance offered guarantees far more important than the advantages of a close connection with England. This country was the historic home of Parliamentary Liberalism, and the breeding-place of all the ideas destructive to military monarchy. This used to be pointed out with savage hostility by the Iron Chancellor's scribes, Lothar Bucher and Moritz Busch; and this had been one of the strong political ties holding St. Petersburg and Berlin together. Again there was the traditional policy of mutual insurance against the Poles, protecting the Tsardom against the possibility of revolt in a crisis along the western frontier. These were strong reasons for a pro-German attitude.

The arguments bearing upon foreign policy were by no means so decisive. Two views might be held. Upon the one hand were those who could not abandon the thought of a war of revenge against Japan. For the purposes of this school absolute security in Europe was indispensable if there was to be any hopeful prospect for renewed adventures in Asia. Again, England had been the ally of the Japanese, and her sea-power had shielded the Mika-

do's fleets from all interference until they had finished their work at Tsushima. Had not England been the traditional enemy? Was it not she who had been more or less directly responsible for the Crimean War, for the Berlin Congress, for the Manchurian disasters? It would hardly be possible to conceive more effective appeals to passion and to prejudice than were used simultaneously in St. Petersburg by the opponents of a close understanding with this country. Nor did they fail to appeal to self-interest. It was contended that if Russia desired to restore her prestige the line of least resistance lay through Persia.

We must not under-estimate the strength which these arguments seemed to possess at the time. Even to some able minds they may well have appeared convincing. Nevertheless, some dispassionate and far-sighted thinkers made their views felt by degrees with irresistible force. In St. Petersburg M. Isvolsky was too deliberate and accomplished a statesman, and he was too well served elsewhere, to allow himself to be led into another *cul de sac* under the plausible pretext that it was the real avenue to success. The definite alliance with Berlin would have disheartened the great majority of the French people, and dried up both their sentiments and their contributions. Germany, released at last from any effective pressure on the part of the Dual Alliance, would have asserted her initiative in all directions and before very long would have effected a *rapprochement* with France, making Berlin at last wholly independent of Russia. In Asia, the risks of any struggle against the combined forces of England and Japan would be enormous. Since the shores of the Persian Gulf itself could never be reached, or at least could never be held in face of British sea-power, anything which might be gained in the

Middle East would not compensate for further and final losses in the Far East. And above all these was another defect in the project of a Russo-German combination.

It failed altogether to promote the historic purposes of Russia in the Near East. Now here and no otherwhere lies the vital region of Russian policy. The Turk is no longer to be despised. With German assistance in railway-building, army-making, and war-thinking, the Ottoman Power is not only more formidable than ever for defence, but may even be capable of aggression in the Caucasus, in northern Persia, along the whole flank of the future communications of Russia in the Middle East. M. Isvolsky, spreading out the map before him, and propping his head with his hands, could hardly miss the main conclusion. Nothing more fatal could be imagined for any nation than such a position as Russia would occupy if she pledged herself to the unconditional support of the policy to which the Kaiser is committed. Germany, dominating Austria-Hungary, and manipulating the Turk, would control directly or indirectly the Baltic and the Black Sea alike. The Tsar's subjects would be as completely deprived of all free exits to the sea as before the time of Peter the Great. If there were space for the purpose, it would be well worth while to work out these speculations in detail, and to show that by one means or another a German alliance such as the reactionaries in St. Petersburg and Moscow at one time desired would have turned Russia into nothing less than an imprisoned empire. In the Far East she would have remained at the mercy of the combined military and naval forces of Japan. In the Baltic she would be dominated by the combined military and naval force of her ally, Germany. In the Persian Gulf she would be met by British sea-power, backed by the

more serious military reorganization which definite Russian hostility would have already forced us to constitute. For the same reason we should have been compelled by the law of self-preservation to change our attitude towards the Turk. Thus in the Black Sea, whether Constantinople remained under German influence or came under our own, Russia would be more completely checkmated than ever. If these reasonings in the end prevailed it was not because Russian policy had become aggressive at German expense, but because cool statesmanship on the Neva clearly perceived at last that the closest possible understanding with England and France must continue for a long period to come to be the fundamental interest of foreign policy in St. Petersburg with a view to the surest defence and promotion of all the purposes most vital to the future of the empire of the Tsars.

Hence the Triple Entente has come gradually into definite existence, but it is still animated by an experimental spirit. Nothing could be more mistaken than to represent it as an apparatus of attack against Germany or as an attempt to complete the encircling of that Power. We have accomplished a first and a second stage in the work of building up that permanent alliance between France, Russia, and this country which ought to be the steady object of sane and resolute statesmanship in all three nations. We are still far from the final attainments of that end—yet we have moved towards it as rapidly as is consistent with the safety of Europe. The *Temps*, in urging that the pace should be forced, is almost certainly mistaken. Sir Edward Grey could hardly have driven faster without upsetting the coach. If he is supported in this country with sufficient patience and discretion he will doubtless arrive at his destination in good time. The Anglo-Rus-



sian Convention was, as we have said, the first step in the work of effecting a general and permanent settlement between London and St. Petersburg. But that instrument by itself represented a *détente* rather than an *entente*. What was desirable was that the two Powers should begin to act together amicably for positive purposes. It will be remembered that the Anglo-Russian Convention was at once and emphatically defended in these pages. For a moment those who grasped Sir Edward Grey's policy as a whole seemed to be in a conspicuous minority. There is probably not a single responsible opponent of the Convention who would not be prepared at the present moment to modify his strictures. More interesting now than ever and more critical for the future is the question of Persia. There for all immediate purposes the policy of the Anglo-Russian Convention has been nothing less than brilliantly vindicated. Thoughtful men may well tremble when they realize what might have happened had the present troubles in Persia broken out a few years ago. Many Russians and many Anglo-Indians were prepared to destroy that nation, and to dismember it like an Asiatic Poland. But it had been sinking into deeper decay for many generations, and its real independence was already disappearing. If the rivalry between England and Russia had remained acute the parliamentary faction at Teheran would have looked to the former Power, the Royalist faction to the latter. The unity and independence of Persia would have perished for ever in civil war unless the whole country had fallen under Russian domination. Here again by the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* in its preliminary phase war was not plotted but prevented.

The best result of Sir Edward Grey's policy in its initial form was that it laid the foundation for the next stage.

The Anglo-Russian Convention made possible the Reval meeting. The area of accord was extended from Asia to Europe. For the first time there is indicated a plain line of policy upon which for a long period to come it should be possible for the partners in the Triple Entente to co-operate. It is officially admitted that Sir Edward Grey and M. Isvolsky have agreed upon a common programme for Macedonia. The Foreign Secretary has abandoned his proposal—which in itself was probably strategical rather than constructive—that a Governor-General independent of the Porte should be appointed to rule the vilayets. No one was under any delusion as to the fact that this scheme would have separated Macedonia from the Sultan's dominions, and could only have been enforced at the edge of the sword against the combined resistance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. But, as we have pointed out repeatedly, the vigor and daring of the British scheme startled the Powers out of their lethargy. If it did not induce them to go as far as Sir Edward Grey proposed, it at least prepared them to accept some scheme of genuine reform lest a worse thing might befall them. It is clear that St. Petersburg, Paris, and London, acting together, can put forward with great effect a moderate yet perfectly definite programme.

No reader of the two White Papers recently published can fail to see that in the beginning of the present year a sudden and remarkable change passed over the spirit of Russian diplomacy. At first the very modest British proposals for mobile columns of gendarmerie to suppress the bands were curtly repelled by Vienna and St. Petersburg acting in concert. Less than three months later a far more startling despatch from Sir Edward Grey is accepted by M. Isvolsky as a basis for negotiations. At the Reval

meeting these negotiations were carried to a satisfactory result. It would be premature to attempt to speculate upon the details of the new agreement. The details do not so much matter. What is important and historic is the fact that for the first time in more than a hundred years England and Russia, with France in full partnership with them, are agreed in principle upon the Near Eastern Question. M. Isvolsky, in his despatch written in the middle of last March, pens the following momentous passage:—"The British Communication, in referring to Article XXIII. of the Treaty of Berlin, mentions the appointment of a Governor for Macedonia as a measure the best calculated to secure the execution of reforms and the pacification of that province. *Whilst in principle favoring this plan* we are compelled to recognize that it has no chance of being adopted unanimously by the Powers nor accepted by the Sultan." The admission of the principle is more remarkable than the statement, undeniably true, that complete Macedonian autonomy is not at present possible. M. Isvolsky and Sir Edward Grey, however, have at least agreed that the expenses of the Civil administration, now scandalously starved for want of funds, shall become the first charge upon the Macedonian Budget. The Porte must either reduce the number of the troops massed in the three vilayets, or must pay them out of its own purse. Our Foreign Office has upon every fitting occasion expressed its determination to refuse consent to the continuance of the 3 per cent. increase in the Customs duties unless the stipulations accepted by the Sultan's Government are duly carried out. But these points, as we have said, are of comparatively little moment. If Russia and England, carrying France with them, are agreed in aim upon the Near Eastern Question so far as it is a Macedonian problem,

they may advance gradually, but with patience and continued pressure the steady weight of that diplomatic combination will prove in the end irresistible. This, as we have said, is the second stage of the Anglo-Russian understanding. It should ensure for a considerable period to come the amicable co-operation of the two Governments, and it practically establishes the triple entente as a working reality, forming a no less definite factor in European politics than the Triple Alliance itself.

It now remains to examine the prospect for the future. At each of the three critical points with which Russia and England must be chiefly concerned the conditions of active co-operation seem to be established. Austria has secured her concession for the railway through the Sanjak, and has practically declared her intention never to consent willingly to the creation of that autonomous Macedonia under the suzerainty of the Sultan which is favored in principle by M. Isvolsky and Sir Edward Grey alike. At the same time the Kaiser is at last in a position to continue the most picturesque and hazardous of his enterprises, and in the next few years the Bagdad Railway will be carried across the Taurus and the Euphrates. The most difficult sections of the whole line will then be constructed. There will be no financial or technical difficulty in completing the track up to the head of the Persian Gulf. The difficulty will be political, and it will menace peace. Apart from the pan-German dream of direct dominion beyond the Bosphorus, the Bagdad Railway will enable the Ottoman race to mobilize as never before its full fighting power, and the Turks will be prepared on each of their frontiers to carry out under Prussian guidance a Prussian plan of campaign. Even at present the strategical situation in the Caucasus causes serious anxiety to

Russia, and in a few years, as the railway network extends throughout Asia Minor, the Turk, with German officers to lead him, a German railway system at his disposal, and practically with a German alliance behind him, would probably prove, if Russia fought alone, a more dangerous enemy than any man could have anticipated when the Treaty of San Stefano was signed within sight of the walls of Constantinople.

Take the next point—Persia. There seems to be every probability that the Shah will recover his authority, and that the Mejliss and the revolutionary clubs will be argued with if necessary at the point of the sword. We shall see. Let us in the meantime be logical. We cannot in the same breath extol the idea of maintaining a Duma in Teheran and denounce the idea of setting up a Duma in Calcutta. It is time to give some attention to the effect of our criticisms upon the Indian imagination when we praise the progress of what we are pleased to call liberty in countries hardly more ripe for parliamentary Government than India itself. In the meantime there is no doubt that Germany, incredible as that statement may seem, has stretched her hand even unto Teheran. That confidential journalist to the Wilhelmstrasse, Professor Schlemann, has commenced to write of Persia precisely as he writes of Morocco. The subjects of the Shah are urged to remember that they are members of the great Mohammedan world, and that Christian Powers have no right to dispose of their destinies. All utterances of this kind are carried straight to Teheran, just as Mulai Hafid at Fez and Habibullah at Cabul are kept acquainted with all views of special interest to themselves expressed by the European Press. The incitements to the Moslem world to take up a definitely anti-Christian attitude have now

developed into something like a general doctrine of German policy. In this enterprise above all the German Emperor is employing incendiary methods, threatening England most of all as the Power governing by far the greater number of Mohammedan subjects, but menacing in only a less degree each of the other partners in the Triple Entente. This question alone would make it necessary for England, Russia, and France to take out a mutual insurance policy. For each of these countries common action against the attempt to convert pan-Islamism into a vast political force is one of the first principles of self-preservation. Again we see that future co-operation between Russia and England is dictated by the new nature of things in Persia and Asiatic Turkey. And if we turn to the Balkans, lines of parallel action are no less plainly marked out.

Russia is bound in her own interest to back the Bulgar as steadily as Germany backs the Turk. This is the only means of redressing the military balance in the Near East and of neutralizing in the Balkans the increase of Ottoman strength in Anatolia. An autonomous Macedonia holding Salonika would always enable British sea-power to act directly upon the Balkan situation, and to defend the existence of that which England and Russia had helped to create. Upon the other hand, Germany is determined that there shall be no fatal break—such as an autonomous Macedonia might cause—in the chain of her political connections with Constantinople, with the Bagdad Railway, with its great branch to Mecca. The diplomatic struggle is far from its end, and it becomes more and more unlikely that the great aim will be decided without ultimate war. If the course of policy increases German chances of success in a postponed struggle, she will keep the peace. If the diplomacy of other Powers seems

likely to place her in the long run at a serious military advantage, she will break the peace. But if war comes at last, it can come upon the initiative of no Power in Europe but one. Unless war is declared at Berlin, it will not be declared. And if the sword is drawn at last, lest the insurance system of  
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the Triple Entente should become more effective with the lapse of time, the cause will be simple. It will not be because Germany is isolated, but because the Bismarckian principle of isolating every other Power has finally failed.

*Calchas.*

## ENGLISH GARDENS.

One of the many indications of the love for Nature in these days is to be found in the revival of garden literature. In nearly every publisher's list of announcements may be found a new book dealing in some way with the culture of plants and flowers, and this is but one of many indications of what may be termed Nature-cult which has taken a hold upon town and country dweller alike. Apart from the pleasure to be derived from the vegetable world is the knowledge that gardening work of any kind is conducive to health, and it may be conceded that, if legitimately pursued, Adam's trade is among the healthiest of human callings. There is now living in the grounds of Lord Palmerston's old home, near Romsey, a man who has worked there for no fewer than seventy-six years and is still actively employed on the grounds; and similar instances will occur to the reader which prove the healthfulness of outdoor occupation. Nor to a well-ordered mind is the delight to be afforded by daily observation of Nature of little import—the breath of summer sunshine; the cool, refreshing winds of autumn, with the intermediate seasons linking these two, form a perfect round well fitted to produce feelings of gladness in the contemplation of life. Says an old writer: "Sweet flowers! I had rather gaze on you than on all the gorgeous trappings of the Royal Court; I had rather court your acquaintance than

that of earthly princes." And, in truth, flowers seem to be provided with prodigal liberality to give delight to man; they

Look upward in every place  
Through this beautiful world of ours.

They seem intended, remarks Ruskin, "for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice to see them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace." We know that Ruskin delighted to wage war against artificiality in any form; but notwithstanding his outbursts of wrath against modern-day life, we think he would have been willing to acknowledge that in the arrangement of our gardens the present generation compares favorably with our ancestors. From the trim, symmetrical garden of the seventeenth century we have developed a garden which has been described by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne as a

Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—  
The veriest school of Peace.

Truly, who loves his garden still his Eden keeps. Within that retreat the

breath of summer sunshine and the perfume of flowers can be enjoyed in their fulness. A delightful place at all times, its beauty is greatest in spring and early summer, before the languor of long days and the excessive heat show their effects on the products of the soil. The colors, too, are brighter and purer in their first blush of life. It is then that the flowers yield their strongest fertilizing powers, for their mission is to propagate their species by insects, the pistils being fertilized by the pollen from other flowers, or, in some instances, from the flowers of other plants. It is curious to observe that some plants are wind-fertilized and their bloom is scentless; how different the bright-colored flowers of insect-fertilized plants!

In modern gardens we endeavor to obtain what Lord Bacon suggested in *his* day—"gardens for all months of the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season." He enumerates the various plants that, in his opinion, should be cultivated in succession, and remarks, "thus, if you will, you may have the Golden Age again, and a spring all the year long." And he proceeds to expatiate on "the breath of flowers," which, he says, "is far sweeter in the air than in the hand." He cares little for the ordinary rose, in which he finds "nothing of sweetness"; he goes to the violet and the musk-rose to yield the finest perfume, and then enumerates a host of those old-fashioned flowers of the herbaceous type that, happily, are once more becoming prized for their simplicity and grace. We do not, however, care to follow him when he describes "the ordering of the ground" beyond this, that he divides his garden—be it remembered its size is some thirty acres—into three parts: "a green in the entrance, a heath and desert in the going forth; and the main garden in the midst," this "main garden" be-

ing the largest. His reason for this arrangement is obvious, his intention being to provide shelter alike in the heat of summer, and a moderate temperature during the winter months.

Do not let us imagine that we of the present day are loud in our praise of gardens while our forefathers cared little for them: in *their* way they loved them perhaps as much as we do. An old writer of the seventeenth century, named Parkinson, declared that carnations and gilly-flowers are "the Queens of delight and of flowers"; and that roses should be cultivated. Of daffodils he wrote with great affection, and the tulip was to him a source of perennial pleasure; for, said he, "there is no Lady or Gentlewoman of any worth that is not caught with this delight, or not delighted with these flowers." And, indeed, he seems to have loved *all* the products of the soil. We remember, too, how Evelyn has given us in his *Diary* pictures of his own garden and of those he visited. We know how he formed terraces at the rear of his house at Wotton. He was a great admirer of the pine, and urged that it should be planted in all suitable situations. He ascribed wonderful virtues to it, declaring that its bark would heal ulcers, and that the tree "improves the air by its odoriferous and balsamical emissions."

Not less interested in gardens than Evelyn was the poet Pope, who built himself a villa to which were attached about five acres of land which he laid out according to the strangely artificial style of that day. He "twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonized" his ground till it became "two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with impenetrable woods." A portion of these was separated by the public road, and Pope had a tunnel dug to connect the two parts. This underground communication he



called his grotto, in which he placed mirrors, making it a sort of camera. Here in calm retirement he spent a good deal of his time, and here he entertained his friends. Here, too, he sang:—

All the distant din the world can keep  
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes  
my sleep.

There, my retreat the best Companions  
grace

Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out  
of place.

There, St. John mingles with my  
friendly bowl

The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of  
Soul.

Less artificial in his tastes, and one of the first of the modern school of Nature-poetry, was Cowper—the recluse of Olney. Though his love for animals probably left him less time for the observation of plants than he would otherwise have enjoyed, his delight in the latter was real, and he never seems to have been happier than when in the retirement of his garden. Writing to Lady Hesketh he says: "My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May or the beginning of June, because, before that time, my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit, with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day." And in his *Task* his felicitous description of "the garden" again reveals his love for it:—

O bless'd seclusion from a jarring  
world,  
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys!

What could I wish, that I possess not  
here?

Health, leisure, means to improve it,  
friendship, peace,

No loose or wanton, though a wander-  
ing, muse,  
And constant occupation without care.

With his love for outdoor exercise, Sir Walter Scott's enormous literary achievements appear to be at variance, and yet before he entered Abbotsford his tastes led him to give much time to the cultivation of his trees and plants. "Look at these two miserable willow-trees," he remarked to a friend, "they are tied together at the top to be an arch"; and then he went on to say that his work had afforded him delight because of the "picturesque effect." Indeed, he was but anticipating the time when he should have his garden and his woods on a colossal scale, a dream which, though realized, was the beginning of financial trouble in later life.

Since Scott's day, Crabbe, Shenstone, and others have loved to dwell upon the pleasures arising from the cultivation of plants and flowers, and their pictures of gardens form attractive reading. But for a freer interpretation of Nature we must come to still later times; for it may be said that our gardens have at last been rescued from the artificiality of our ancestors. We have come to recognize that a garden should have some affinity to the field and the hedgerow from which it is really derived. The garden that we love may not boast those rare exotics that thrive in our conservatories, but it possesses the homely flowers, reminding us of past days. And among these, what can surpass the rose? Well may our Poet Laureate sing:

From tangled brake and trellised bower  
Bring every bud that blows,  
But never will you find the flower  
To match an English rose.

And the rose is but one of the numerous flowers whose beauty of form and color and exquisite perfume minis-

ter to our delight and contribute not a little to physical and moral healthfulness. "A garden," it has been well said, "is a filter to filter the grossness out of us." And may we not add, that it reminds us of the source of all life; it teaches us patience; it strengthens hope. A present-day poet, Mr. Alfred Hayes, thus describes it:

Around its door a clematis  
Her arms doth tie;  
Through leafy lattices I view  
The endless corridors of blue  
Curtained with clouds; its ceiling is  
The marbled sky.

Among the literature of the garden, the latest work<sup>1</sup> deals more with English gardening than English gardens; but the twenty excellent colored illustrations portray the garden in many of  
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its varied charms, the rose, the lily, rhododendrons, tulips, daffodils, rivaling each other for natural beauty and taste of arrangement. Mr. E. T. Cook expresses his indebtedness to Mrs. Davidson for a chapter on "Cottage Gardens," to Mrs. Bardswell for her thoughts on "The Herb Garden," and to Mr. S. W. Fitzherbert for a description of "Winter in the Garden"—valuable additions to a most attractive volume. In another and scarcely less charming book<sup>2</sup> Mr. Walter Wright tells us how to keep the garden beautiful and fruitful, and gives many practical hints on economical management and the culture of all the principal flowers, fruits, and vegetables. His prologue on "Dream Gardens" is positively inspiring.

J. W. C.

## THE TURKISH REVOLUTION.

The disordered events in Macedonia explained themselves with startling suddenness on Friday, July 24, when the Sultan decreed the restoration of the Constitution of 1876. This announcement was the result of sheer terror in the Sultan and his advisers. It is reported that they held long and anxious councils discussing all possible ways of escape from the *cul-de-sac* into which they had been driven by the extraordinary resolution of the revolting Army. At last the Court astrologer ventured to introduce the dangerous word "Constitution," and was rewarded for his temerity by the instant support of his colleagues. Secretly they must all have known that to grant just what the leaders of the Young Turkey movement demanded was the only solution. The Sultan, at his wits' end, accepted it, and the most important words which have issued from the Porte for over thirty years

sped throughout the Empire. The result was electrical. Even the Sultan himself may have felt compensated for the downfall of the autocracy by the astonishing popularity he had purchased for himself. All his life he has bought off opposition and ugly menaces by personal or private concessions to his enemies; but he never gained a more immediate relief from difficulties than he gained on Friday week. The towns of the Empire gave themselves over to rejoicing; in Constantinople hundreds of thousands of people paraded the streets shouting their joy, cheering for the Sultan, and for King Edward as the head of the Constitution which serves as a model to the world. At Monastir and Salonika the incredible sights were seen of the Greek Metropolitan embracing the Mussulman Mufti, and of Enver Bey, the Staff officer who led the Young Turkey rebels, embracing Hilmi Pasha, the Sultan's

<sup>1</sup> "Gardens of England." Painted by Beatrice Parsons, described by E. T. Cook. London: Black. 7s. 6d. net.

<sup>2</sup> "The Perfect Garden." By Walter P. Wright. London: Grant Richards. 6s. net.

Inspector-General of the Macedonian vilayets. It is difficult to say whether the reconciliation of the rebel and the official means that the Young Turks do not intend to press for the removal of the Sultan, which was undoubtedly the first object of Enver Bey a few days before. Perhaps this is a point on which the Young Turks have not made up their minds; in the provinces, it may be, the Sultan is still mistrusted so deeply that his abdication is desired; but at Constantinople, merely by accident, as it were, and without any forethought of what they meant, the people in an outburst of emotion acclaimed him as though he were the real author of the national happiness. But even if the Sultan be given another trial—for that is what it amounts to—the poor astrologer is mistrusted to a point beyond forgetting. It is reported that he has been banished to Mesopotamia,—where he will have an opportunity for using his arts to speculate on the future of the Baghdad Railway. That matter, we confess, is beyond our powers of prediction now that Turkey is in effect governed by new brains. Those who understand the characters of the chief public men in Turkey discover one good promise for the working of the Constitution in the appointment of Said Pasha to be Grand Vizier and of Kiamil Pasha to be a member of the Council of Ministers. Said Pasha formerly helped the Sultan, it is true, to repress the aspirations of the country towards a more liberal rule; but he is believed to have changed his opinions, and he is certainly credited now with a thorough dislike of the reactionary policy and the espionage of the Court. Kiamil Pasha has always been a Liberal. Both Said and Kiamil can look back to the days when there was a price upon their heads, and only the good offices of Great Britain saved them. Ferid Pasha, the late Grand Vizier, is said

to have been dismissed without a word of warning as he was on his way to a Cabinet Council. But that was before the proclamation of the Constitution. His career is no doubt ended. One of his consolations in retirement will be the high Order which the German Emperor bestowed upon him at the crisis of his misfortunes, perhaps with the hope of re-establishing him in his position. The leaders of the Young Turks, in fine, dictate, and others, from the Sultan downwards, obey. So far they have done little to their own discredit. There has been murder, of course, but the percentage of it is low for Macedonia, and very low when one takes into account the vast revolution which has been wrought. The Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian bands which have roved over the Macedonian vilayets have ceased from their infamies; Mussulmans and Christians, as was symbolized in the public embraces of the representatives of Islam and the Orthodox Church, are united in keeping the peace. The more one reads the accounts the more one is astounded. The Young Turks have indisputably managed their business with coolness and ability. Last week we said that the movement was a national one, and the latest reports all confirm it. The Young Turkish Ideal is a liberal country, conscious of its nationality, and binding together the diverse elements of race and religion within it. That, be it observed, is something quite new for Turkey. It is not an Islamic Ideal; it is an Ottoman Ideal. It is not a rally to a faith, but to a country.

We have used words which suggest nothing less than a new birth of an old and misgoverned country,—a complete transformation achieved by a hidden power within. For we can only go by the facts so far as they have appeared. Yet we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the vision and the dream will last indefinitely. Much may come

of it all, as we sincerely hope it will, and Turkey may be better than before. But the difficulties ahead are enormous, and it is not to be expected that extreme optimism will be justified. If the government of Turkey passes without further challenge into fresh hands, there will be a certain change in the whole European situation. Some Power or other may be tempted to fish in the new waters. If the waters are troubled, the temptation will be all the greater. Some Power may even be tempted to prop up the tottering Sultan, as being a more convenient agent to deal with than a Constitutional people. But apart from exterior perils, the internal problems are dismaying. Let us remember that the fine passions of the last few days have not radically altered the character of the Turkish people. Fanaticism is not dead; fatalism is not dead; the aptitude for Parliamentary government is quite unproved. A Parliament is not a talisman, unless the men who compose it are just, honest, calm, and diligent. Able men will be needed to lead opinion. Are there such men? The Duma has not yet produced them for Russia. The Mejliss has not yet brought prosperity to Persia, but rather has been the immediate provocation of disaster. Take only one point to prove the obstacles in the way,—the vital question of finance. Decent government will require taxation; probably even more taxes than the Sultan imposed will be necessary. No Eastern people likes being taxed. It has a habit of judging the benevolence of its rulers by the demands on its own pocket. To pay officials the salaries which alone will keep them above the temptation to speculation will be a great charge upon the country. Will the peasant stand it? Will he perceive the necessity for it and the justice of it? If that one problem of finance, which is the be-all and end-all of proper

government, cannot be tackled squarely we need look no further for the seeds of reaction and failure. We sincerely trust that the enthusiastic leaders of the new hope will recognize the supreme importance of their finance, and undertake it with the determination to establish a scrupulous and economical system. For we Englishmen wish for nothing better for Turkey than that she should be able to shut out permanently the abominable hordes of spies and leeches who have so long disfigured the Empire.

The Constitution which is revived was sanctioned by the Sultan soon after he came to the throne in 1876. A European Commission (which established the Ottoman Bank, but did little else) met at Constantinople in that year to suggest ways by which the Sultan might set in order his European provinces, and be extricated from the difficulties of the war with Servia. The Sultan apparently wanted to show that if the combined wisdom of Europe could not help him much, he at least could help himself. He thereupon appointed Midhat, well known as a reformer, to be his Grand Vizier, and proclaimed a Constitution, which provided for a responsible Ministry, a Senate, a Chamber of Deputies, the right of public meeting, freedom of the Press, the appointment of Judges for life, compulsory education, and many other things which free and enlightened nations require. In two months the Sultan banished Midhat, who had drafted the Constitution. That was a bad sign; but nevertheless the elections were held. A Parliament House was fitted up at Constantinople, and in March, 1877, the Senate and the Chamber met. The Sultan made a Speech from the throne, and again promised social reforms and the reorganization of the Army and Navy. The two Houses got no further than the discussion of their Address in reply to the

Speech, when in April war broke out with Russia. In May martial law was proclaimed. In June the Parliament was closed. It met once again that year, but the Sultan disliked its independence, and he dissolved it in February, 1878. He did not say that the Constitution was ended; only that it was "suspended." But the Parliament has never met since. Now the Sultan has sworn fidelity to this same Constitution upon the Koran, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam at Constantinople has displayed to the people the book on which the oath was taken. This means that the Sultan is more deeply committed than in 1876. The Sheikh-ul-Islam at Constantinople is in some measure the Pope of the Mohammedan faith, or at least he is one of rival Popes, or, perhaps we should say, Primates of Turkey. He stands now in

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the eyes of the Turks as sponsor and witness to the Sultan's promise. His power has all the sanction of the common religion, and if the Sultan were once again faithless, it is conceivable that the Sheikh-ul-Islam would be the agent of his removal from the throne. But, after all, events have passed at such a gait that one wants simply to look on, to await developments, breathless. We heartily wish for the success of a Constitution that is capable and honest, and when the situation is clearer we shall know whether it will be possible or advisable for Britain to continue with Sir Edward Grey's scheme for the salvation of Macedonia. At present, as we have said, the bands which were to be suppressed by mobile columns seem by some kind of enchantment to have suppressed themselves.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The third volume of "The Works of James Buchanan," collected and edited by John Bassett Moore, and published in a limited edition by J. B. Lippincott & Co., covers the years 1836-8, and is largely made up of Mr. Buchanan's speeches and remarks upon measures pending in the Senate. Some of the questions discussed, such as the admission of Michigan and federal intermeddling with slavery, have long ago passed into the limbo of forgotten issues, while others, such as the relations of the government to the banks and the currency, and the deposits of public money, are but earlier phases of questions still vital. Mr. Moore's practice of reproducing from the old debates in the Senate not only Mr. Buchanan's share but the remarks of other participants greatly enhances the interest to the reader.

American lovers of Mrs. Oliphant

will be interested to know that a memorial to her was unveiled in St. Giles's cathedral, Edinburgh, July 16, and that Mr. Barrie made an appreciative address.

Seven men against the Frigid Zone! The contest is so absurdly unequal that imagination cannot compass it, and, even after reading Captain Roald Amundsen's "The Northwest Passage," one only half believes its wonderful story. It is easy, even for those whose narrow wanderings have been bounded by "meeting and mill" to thrill and glow as they read the story of those elder voyagers who faced the blighting North, felt its freezing breath and at last lay down to die, "their starved lips in the gloom with horrid warning gaping wide." The crushing grind of the ice pack, the ghostly silence, the hovering spectre of possible famine are familiar thoughts to every reader of Eng-



lish, since Sir John Franklin's day, but two great volumes of Arctic adventure with scarcely an untoward incident, and only one fatality, are a huge incredibility; one expects some horror of the place and climate with each turn of the leaf, and when one comes in the shape of an Eskimo's instant murder of the stepson who has accidentally shot his own son, it seems trivial compared with anticipation. However, it is hardly rational to quarrel with a voyage because it was too fortunate, especially when its chronicler writes with perfect modesty, and has no word of blame from end to end of his story for any one except for himself. In a ship's company so small, anything like an ordinary crew was impossible. A lieutenant, two mates, a first and second engineer and a cook, and Captain Amundsen himself, were all who underwent the three years' trial begun when the *Gjoa* left Christiania in 1903, but the cook was capable of taking charge of the zoological collection and of filling the second engineer's place; the first mate was an Arctic skipper of experience; the first engineer was meteorologist of the expedition, and the second assisted in taking magnetic observations, having been trained at Potsdam. With such a company, there was no occasion for thinking of discipline, as each desired the good of all, and so they took their turn at the helm or on deck, and there were no disputes between the two watches of three men each. There was never any anxiety about food for the *Gjoa* was victualled for five years with supplies conscientiously and scientifically tested, and none about fuel, for nobody seems to have expected even the cold substitute for comfort to be found in the Arctic region, and if not absolutely frozen into the bunks from which they had to hew small icebergs when they entered them every one was well content. So the *Gjoa* forced her way along the

Northern coast from Farewell to Nome, following the scarlet line traced on the map in the second volume. It is well to read the story before looking at the chart, in order to obtain the single sharp impression of the tortuousness of the maze of narrow straits through which the little yacht made her way. Seeing it, the least sensitive reader must feel the wonder of the deed so quietly related by Captain Amundsen. During the expedition occasional sledge trips were necessary, and one of these is described by Lieutenant Godfred Hansen in a spirited narrative set at the close of the second volume, and accompanied by a map showing King Haakon's Land and Queen Maud's Sea. It will be remembered that not the discovery of the Northwest Passage, but the location of the Magnetic Pole was the chief object of the expedition, and the story of the measures taken in the pursuit of this work is not the least of the fairy tales of science, and some of the most interesting passages of the book belong to it. Probably the author gave no thought to the matter, but school teachers will find no such good explanation of the magnetic pole as his in any manual or geography, and the illustrative pictures might very well be photographed for school use. The other pictures, portraits of the members of the expedition and of typical Eskimo; remarkable bits of scenery; buildings erected for scientific purposes; and the lonely grave of the one member of the party fated not to return are most judiciously distributed, and do not cumber the text as is too often the case in this age of the camera. The twentieth century voyages begin well; readers of Captain Amundsen will doubt that the last will make better reading than the first. Most certainly it cannot be a chronicle in which bravery is more finely mingled with good feeling. E. P. Dutton & Co.